MRS. MARKHAM'S NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND BY *HILAIRE BELLOC*

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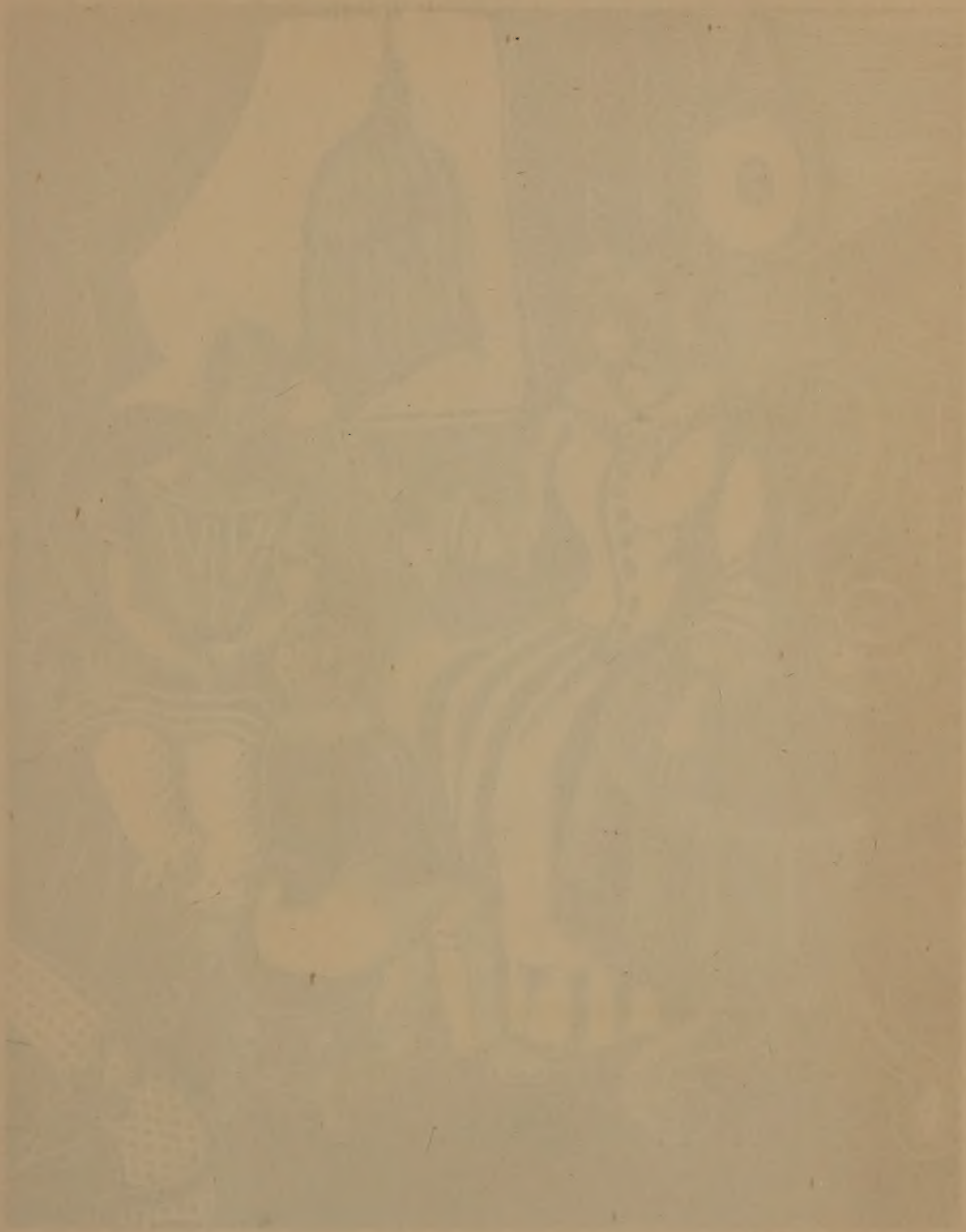

MRS. MARKHAM'S NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND

BEING

An Introduction for Young People to the current history & institutions of our time

by

HILAIRE BELLOC

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The Wood Engraving on the jacket, and for the frontispiece, has been cut by *Hester Sainsbury*.

Preface

THIS little book is especially designed for the instruction of young people between the ages of twelve and fourteen years, in the institutions and recent history of our beloved country.

The instructions are thrown into the form of dialogues between a mother and her two children of either sex, upon the model of an earlier work, known to my own childhood as "Mrs. Markham's History of England."

The whole has been put in the simplest language, suitable to the tender years for which it is designed, and though no more than a few leading subjects have been touched upon (such as the Administration of our great Dependencies, Industrial Insurance, the League of Nations, Law Courts, Parliament, the Police, etc.), it is humbly hoped by the author that the little work may find its use for the grounding of the young in those elements of Civics which are essential to the rising generation of a great Democracy.

I

Mrs. Markham

On the Insured Poor

TOMMY: Mamma, as I was giving those blankets with which you sent me to the poor people in Paradise Row yesterday, I saw a beautiful card lying on a table and near-by an envelope with the arms of our dear King (and Queen) and the letters G.R. which you have often told me stand for his name. So I thought perhaps our kind King had sent a present to the poor people, as it had stamps on it which must have been worth a great deal of money.

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, it was not a present from our kind King to the poor people, though I have no doubt their humble home has something to show from him. The object you noticed was one of dear good Mr. George's stamped cards for the poor.

MARY *(clapping her hands)*: Oh, mamma, I am so glad I know now! I told Tommy it was something good and useful which somebody once in Parliament long ago had done, but I could not remember his name.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, my dear, now that both of you know, I hope that you will observe it on any other errand of mercy upon which I may send you. We should all learn to be *observant*, especially of little things.

TOMMY: But surely, Mamma, this noble card is not a little thing?

MRS. MARKHAM: Do not let me have to reprove you, Thomas, for catching me up. It may have seemed big to you, but we have it upon the word of Mr. Lloyd George himself, our great Statesman, that it is small and tasteful; and then, remember, that things are only little or big according to the way we look at them; for instance a camel would look very big in a railway carriage but quite small in the Sahara Desert.

TOMMY: I will try to remember in future, Mamma, so as not to deserve your reproof. And now, pray tell me, have all poor people got these cards?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear. All poor people have had them for many years. In the bad old times poor people had to choose who should doctor them, and could work where they liked and no one knew much about them. But in 1911, when I was quite young, a wise law was passed that they should all have these cards and be insured.

MARY: What a wonderful man, Mr. Lloyd George must be, Mamma, to have thought of such a thing!

MAMMA: He is indeed a wonderful man. I have been told that his speeches are far finer than most sermons in chapels, and he is so loved that all sorts of people have supported him. But we must give praise also to those for whom he works

and in this case to the great Insurance Societies without whom he might never have thought of this wonderful scheme.

TOMMY: Mamma, I suppose there were other good people also urging these societies you speak of?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear—whole families of them; especially the Sassoons and the Rothschild's, people you should learn to revere.

TOMMY: I'm sure I revere them already, dear Mamma, pray tell me of other good deeds of this kind.

MAMMA: Alas! My dear, the next I have to tell you about was only a good deed in *intention!* It failed!

MARY: But God knew that intention, did he not, Mamma? And he will reward it.

MAMMA: Certainly, my dear . . . Well, you must know that a law was proposed that any insured person must have one of Mr. Herbert Samuel's money boxes put up in some conspicuous place not less than twenty-five inches and not more than forty-three inches from the floor, and so that it should be fully lit by some window by day and at night by some artificial light.

MARY: What is an "insured person," Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: An "insured person" my dear, is a person who earns less than £250 a year, or who works with his or her hands. These people are now marked with a badge so that they can be better managed.

TOMMY: Is Papa an insured person, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, certainly not!

MARY: Is Aunt Maria?

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, as I was telling you, most poor people had these boxes, but as some of them were so stupid or lazy that they would not get them, this law was passed. You know, Tommy, it is sometimes useful that we should be forced to do things which we would not do of ourselves.

MARY: Like taking medicine, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, this is a very apposite remark. There were unfortunately stupid and lazy people of this kind, many of whom I regret to say were of Irish extraction. So the law was passed, and now everyone, this is, every insured person, was to have one.

TOMMY: Pray, Mamma, tell us of what use these boxes may be ?

MRS. MARKHAM: With pleasure, my dear Thomas. These boxes are made in two parts: the box proper and the lid, which is affixed to the box by two stout hinges. In the top of the lid there is a slit.

MARY: What is a slit, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, you must not interrupt. A slit is a hole longer than it is thick, but thinner than it is deep and square at the corners. Some people call it a *slot*.

MARY: Thank you, dear Mamma.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, into this slit or slot pennies were to be put by the poor people from time to time, and these pennies fell into the box, until they were stopped by the bottom of the box from going any further.

TOMMY: Did everybody put pennies into the box ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Alas, my dear, no ! Everybody was to be compelled by law to put not less than 1d into the box which

was put up in their house and that at some time between 6 a.m. and 9 p.m. from the 1st of October to the 30th April, and in the remaining months the time of grace was to have been extended to 10 p.m.—but somehow the scheme broke down.

MARY: What was to happen to the pennies, dear Mamma?

TOMMY: I suppose when the poor man needed them he could have taken them out again, and they would be very useful then.

MRS. MARKHAM: How often have I told you, Thomas, not to jump at conclusions? On the contrary, it was to be an offence severely punished by the law for any insured person to try and take any of his pennies out of his box; for if they did this the box would be of no good.

MARY: Do you mean they would be sent to prison, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, they would be sent to prison, and there they would be kept for a long time in a sort of little cupboard and not allowed to talk to anybody; and if they said anything which the gaolers did not like, or even looked in a way which the gaolers thought impertinent, they would be shut up in the dark and given nothing to eat.

TOMMY: It would serve them right, I am sure, Mamma, for disobeying Mr. Herbert Samuel.

MRS. MARKHAM *(approvingly)*: Yes, my dear, but I must go on to tell you what these boxes are for. Every now and then a gentleman was to come round and unlock them and take the money out and give it to the Government, who were to borrow it for paying our wise judges and building our great Men-o'-War. You have seen a Man-o'-War when Papa took you over the Victory at Portsmouth, have you not?

TOMMY: Yes, Mamma. But were not the poor people ever to see their money again ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Certainly they were, my dear. It was to be *banked*, and *put to their credit.*

MARY: Oh, Mamma ! What is the meaning of those long words?

MRS. MARKHAM: Why, my dears, they mean that if the poor person wanted some of the money back, he was to write and say that he wanted it and how much he wanted. Then in a little time the kind Post Master General was to write and tell him that he could have it paid back, only he must go to a Post Office first and ask for it, and sign another bit of paper and then it would be paid to him. Then he was to sign another bit of paper to admit that he had got it.

MARY: I suppose Mamma, all this trouble was so as to prevent poor ignorant people taking out the money too often and spending it foolishly.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, that was indeed the case.

MARY: Did you not tell us, dear Mamma, that the scheme broke down because the wicked and lazy poor people would not obey ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Alas ! It is too true. But I am glad to say they are all *(grimly)* still soundly and tightly insured.

TOMMY: Pray, Mamma, who is this kind Mr. Samuel of whom you have told us ? He must be very good and wise and powerful to have done all this ?

MRS. MARKHAM: You are right, my dear Thomas, Sir Herbert, as he is now called, *is* very good and wise and powerful, and he not only helps poor people but rich people too. He has

been very good and kind to another good and great and kind man, once called Sir Rufus Isaacs, but now enjoying the noble title of Reading, and in the House of Lords, and to his brother, and to a number of gentlemen and ladies who spent their money in giving dear old England Telegraphic stations called "Marconi" stations.

TOMMY: Does papa know this good gentleman, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, my dear, he has not met him for many years, but Papa used to know his family in Liverpool when Papa was very young, and wanted to leave his watch in safe keeping for a few days. I will tell you all about it some day, but you are too young to understand all this yet, and I think you had better go to bed.

MARY: Thank you, dear Mamma, for telling us so much about good, kind Mr. Samuel and his money-boxes. I hope he will go to Heaven when he dies.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear. We must all hope and pray for that. Now run off to bed like good children, and remember how many poor children there are who have no nice beds to go to on this chilly August night and then you will feel more cosy.

II

Mrs. Markham

On the House of Lords

TOMMY: You told us last time, dear Mamma, of some person whose name I forgot, being in the House of Lords. Pray, what is the House of Lords ?

MRS. MARKHAM: The House of Lords, my dear Thomas, is an assembly of gentlemen who are named to advise the King upon laws which have seemed good to the House of Commons. If they also think these laws good, they say so. But if they do not think so, then they say they do not think so.

MARY: And what does the King do then, Mamma ?

MRS MARKHAM: Why, my dear, the King thinks over what the House of Lords and the House of Commons have done, and, of course, if they both agree he is inclined to do what they ask.

TOMMY: Why is this, Mamma ?

MARY: You silly boy ! Don't you see that if great Lords and common people agree the law *must* be good ?

MRS. MARKHAM: You are partly right, my dear Mary, but you must also remember that our good King would not do anything opposed to our Constitution.

TOMMY: What is "Constitution," Mamma?

MARY: It is something Papa has. I have heard him talk of it.

MRS. MARKHAM *(severely)*: You are both too young to understand what the Constitution is, and I myself have not had it very clearly explained to me, but, at any rate, I know it is something which our good King would never go against, and that is quite right and proper, is it not, that our King should never be *against* anything but only *for* things?

TOMMY AND MARY *(together)*: Yes, Mamma.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well then when the Lords and Commons agree, our good King says that he will sign the law, and when he has done that (but not till then) it becomes binding on us.

MARY: But what happens if the Lords and Commons do not agree, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: In the old days when people had not the advantage of universal education, if the Lords and the Commons did not agree, the king could not help saying that he thought the matter was very confused, and that it would be best for him to put it off a while; but that was because people had not considered how foolish it was to destroy what might be a good law simply because there was a disagreement in Parliament. As time went on and people got more and more educated in the free schools, they came to see that if the law was good it should be passed anyhow, even if the Lords and Commons disagreed.

MARY: I see, dear Mamma.

MRS. MARKHAM: So it was arranged that if the House of Lords differed from the House of Commons about a law, then, for two years, the King should not sign the law nor make us obey it (for, of course, we must all obey the King, as you may see from his portrait in naval uniform which I have hung up in your schoolroom). But after two years had passed, then the King should sign the law whether the Lords liked it or not.

TOMMY: But if the law was bad at the beginning of the two years, dear Mamma, why would it become good at the end of two years ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Because, my dear Thomas, two years is about the time which it takes a bad law to become good. Some may take a little longer and some a little shorter time, but two years is about the time which most laws take to become good.

TOMMY : Mamma, you said just now that these gentlemen called Lords, were " named " to the House of Lords. Who named them ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Why, my dear, the King, of course !

TOMMY: The King seems to be very powerful, Mamma.

MRS. MARKHAM: He is, my dear, and rightly so; for unless the King were very powerful, we should be governed by mere rich men who have no right to govern us. Have you any further questions to ask ?

MARY: Yes, Mamma. I want to know who presents these gentlemen to the King. Does he meet them in his drawing rooms or at tea, or has he got to ask people to introduce him to them ?

MRS. MARKHAM: They are presented to the King, my dear, by a gentleman called the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister says to the King that he thinks such and such a gentleman would make a very good Lord, and then the King looks at him sideways and usually makes him a Lord.

TOMMY: And who is the Prime Minister, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: The Prime Minister, my dear Thomas, is another gentleman who has been chosen by the King—

MARY: Oh dear! Oh dear! It is the King all the time! I'm afraid I cannot carry all this in my head.

MRS. MARKHAM *(severely)*: I shall examine you to-morrow, Mary, to see whether you have retained the main points of what I am telling, for I will not have any child of mine ignorant.

TOMMY: But tell me, dear Mamma, is this all that happens? Just the Prime Minister showing the gentleman to the King and saying he thinks they would make a good Lord, and then the King makes them a Lord?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, the gentleman is naturally very greatly honoured, and if he is a rich man he gives a great deal of money to show how glad he is.

TOMMY: Who does he give this money to, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: He does not give it to anyone at all, my dear Thomas, for great Ministers would not receive bribes. He simply gives it.

TOMMY: Thank you, Mamma, I understand now.

MARY: But if the new Lord were poor, Mamma, he could not give the money, could he?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, and on this account poor men are often afraid to ask to be made Lords, but if they are really worthy they are picked out all the same and they are told very kindly that they need not give anything. Some are even given money.

MARY: What Mamma, *given* money to be a Lord ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, given money to be a Lord; especially if they are great soldiers who have won or lost battles. But I am sorry to say that as this kind are not used to money they very often spend it or lose it all.

TOMMY: Oh ! Mamma, that is very sad !

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, it is very sad, for a Lord without any money is, indeed, a pitiable object.

TOMMY: I suppose, Mamma, some Lords are more important than others ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear.

TOMMY: Who are the most important Lords, Mamma, among those who have been named recently ? I should like to know so that I could take off my cap to them if I saw them in the street.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, my dear Thomas, it is not easy to say, because some men are important in one way and some in another, but I have often heard your father speak of Lord Weatman Pearson, and Lord Hudson Kearley and also of Lord Pirrie, and a certain Lord Aitken or Aiken—I cannot remember which—and I have often heard him say that he only wishes he was such a man as any of these.

MARY: Oh, Mamma, I am sure Papa is much better than any of these.

MRS. MARKHAM: Papa is a very good man, Mary. But good men always want to be better, and that is what he says.

MARY: And is there not also, Mamma, a Lord Harrods and a Lord Sassoon and a Lord Ikey Joel?

MRS. MARKHAM: Not yet, my dear; but Lords are continually being made, and I will let you know whenever these gentlemen shall be chosen by the King. Would you not each of you like to have a little book in which you can mark every new Lord?

TOMMY AND MARY *(together, enthusiastically)*: Oh! Yes Mamma! And perhaps Papa could tell us how much money they had to pay and we could mark that too?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear. Neither Papa nor anybody else could tell you that, because it would not be right.

TOMMY: How many Lords are there, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: There are nearly seven hundred.

MARY: Can all of them ride a horse, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: How silly you are, Mary, to ask questions like that! What has riding a horse to do with being a Lord?

MARY: I only ask, Mamma, because there was a picture in the paper of Lord Beaverbrook riding a very fierce horse called Bucephalus.

MRS. MARKHAM: I daresay, my dear, that Lord Beaverbrook has a horse of this name, but really it has nothing to do with the important things I have been teaching you. Now go off to bed and I will come in ten minutes and say good-night to you.

TOMMY: Thank you, Mamma. I am sure we shall be dreaming of Lords.

MRS. MARKHAM: Indeed, my dear, I hope you will not dream of anything, but sleep soundly. And if you dream of Lords at all try to dream of good Lords.

MARY: Like Mr. Joel, Mamma, who lives up the road?

MRS. MARKHAM: How often am I to tell you, Mary, that Mr. Joel is not yet a Lord? Now run off to bed.

III

Mrs. Markham

On the Indian Silver Coinage

MARY: It is quite a long time, dear Mamma, since you told us anything more about that good gentleman who was once so kind to the poor and wanted to give them boxes in which to keep all the money they got.

TOMMY: Yes, dear Mamma, it is so long that I have almost forgotten his name. Was it not a "Mr. Daniel" ?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear Tommy, not Daniel, *Samuel*. Daniel was the gentleman who went into a lion's den.

MARY: But the lions did not eat him, did they Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, for he was one of God's favourites.

TOMMY: Are there lions in India, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, but there are tigers which are much fiercer.

MARY: Then why did they not put Daniel into a tigers' den ?

MRS. MARKHAM *(simply)*: I do not know, my dear. I suppose it was all in the designs of Providence.

TOMMY: Are there tigers in India, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear Tommy, and no less than three were shot only the other day by Lord Mendoza.

TOMMY *(clapping his hands with joy)*: Oh! Mamma! Another Lord!

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear Tommy, there is no need to cheer! Whether we are lords or whether we are plain commoners, like your Papa and Mr. Higgins, the only thing that really matters is whether we do our duty, and so far you have not yet heard how kind and good all these gentlemen have been. Though they had been pawnbrokers or common money-lenders instead of great people their good deeds would have been just as valuable.

MARY *(settling down)*: Yes, Mamma! Mamma, now pray tell us about India.

MRS. MARKHAM: India, my children, is a very hot place to which your uncle Joseph went before you were born, because he wanted to teach the poor people there the Bible. Well, our Government has to look after the people of India, and only a few years ago a terrible thing happened which made our Government very anxious about them.

TOMMY: What was that, Mamma? Could they not get Bibles?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, plenty of Bibles, but not enough to eat; and the reason was, of course, that they had not enough money to buy food with. So when our Government learnt this and saw how important it was that the Indian people should have some food (because otherwise they would die), they looked about everywhere to get someone to make Indian money for them of a sort called "silver rupees." For, of course, people cannot have food unless they have money to pay for it. There were a great many people who could make

money, but the Government had not got any, at least had not got any to spare—and who do you think came forward and said he would make some money?

TOMMY *(holding up his hand)*: I know, Mamma! A Lord!

MRS. MARKHAM *(approvingly)*: You are quite right, my dear Tommy; and I am glad you have guessed so well. This good man made the money, at a profit, for the people of India so that they could buy food.

MARY: But tell me, Mamma, how did this good Lord know that the people of India were in such a terrible plight?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, charitable men don't like their deeds talked about, and so he has not told us who asked him for the money or told him about the state the Indians were in.

TOMMY: Perhaps it was someone in the Government, Mamma, since you say they were anxious about these poor Indian people.

MRS. MARKHAM: A great many people thought that, my dear Tommy, because it so happened, by an odd accident, that the Lord had a relation who was the man in the Government who had to look after India and—

MARY: Oh! I see Mamma! It was this kind relation who heard about these poor Indian people and told the Lord?

MRS. MARKHAM: How often have I told you, Mary, not to leap to conclusions! He *would* have told his relation, I dare say, if these unhappy people's shortness of money had lasted much longer, but we know it as a fact (for the Lord himself has told us so!) that his relation had nothing to do with it. Only, of course, when he found out what his good kind relation had done he was very pleased.

TOMMY: I am getting a little mixed up, Mamma. There was a Lord, and his relation, and that relation had a relation who was another Lord, and then—

MRS. MARKHAM *(sharply)*: That's enough, Tommy! All you have to remember is that there was a Lord who helped the poor Indians by making some money.

MARY: It is a very beautiful story, Mamma, and I shall tell it to everybody I know. I should like to see it engraved on a public monument.

TOMMY: So shall I, and I shall never forget it; I hope to be able to act like this Lord when I grow up! I shall never be tired of letting everybody I come across hear of how the money was got for the Indians.

MRS. MARKHAM: That is right, my dear children. As I have already told you, great-hearted men don't talk about their own good deeds, but that is no reason why *we* should not speak about them; for not only is this a pleasant reward for the good people themselves, but it is also an example for others. Indeed, I understand that almost everybody was talking now about this good kind Lord and how he lent not only all his own fortune but many other peoples', in order to make money for the poor people of India, although his relation had not said a word to him about them.

TOMMY: I warrant, dear Mamma, that there are many selfish people who now wish that they had only done what this kind Lord did.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, there are hundreds and thousands who wish they had done what he did, for actions of this

kind reap a rich reward ; but it is only fair to remember that they did not all have the same opportunity.

MARY : Is there anything else, Mamma, which you can tell us about the Indian Blackamoors ?

MRS. MARKHAM : Yes, a great deal, for they are constantly giving trouble ; but that is enough for one day. Remind me next time to tell you how another gentleman helped his friends by letting them have, at much less than he might have charged, the money called " Indian Balances " and how grateful they were to him, for that is another kind deed which everybody ought to know about.

TOMMY : And pray, dear Mamma, what are Indian Balances ? Are they a kind of scales ?

MAMMA : No they are the same which the poor ignorant blackmen have paid as taxes. But that is quite enough for one evening. To-morrow you should both look up India in the Atlas and then come and tell me what you think of it. Then I will tell you all about the Good Deed of the Indian Balances.

IV

Mrs. Markham

On the Indian Balances

MARY: You told us last time, dear Mamma, that you would tell us about another Good Deed done by someone, what was the name of the Good Deeder?

MRS. MARKHAM: It turns out to have been a Mr. Anon. But he was perhaps acting for others.

MARY: Yes, Mamma, I understand. It is like when I give good advice to some poor person. It is really by your kind instruction, but it is I who give it *for* you, as it were.

MRS. MARKHAM *(approvingly)*: Yes, my dear Mary, that is exactly right. Mr. Anon . . . .

TOMMY: Oh Mamma, what a funny name! Was he an Oriental?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, it is short for Mr. Anonymous and means . . . .

MARY *(impatiently)*: Never mind what it means, dear Mamma, only tell us of the kind good deed that was done.

MRS. MARKHAM: You are right, my dear Mary. A good deed is a good deed no matter who does it, though it is also right that we should praise the doer.

MARY *(settling down)*: And now Mamma, tell us all about it.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, my dears, you must understand that these poor Indian people of whom I was speaking to you last time, are very wisely ordered to give money to our Government to look after them; not because English gentlemen would think of taking the money for their own use, but in order that our Government may buy things useful to the Hindus.

TOMMY: Yes, Mamma, I understand; just as we give money to you when you tell us to, so that you may put it into the Savings Bank for us.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, precisely. And a little time ago, when the Hindoos had given our Government, in this fashion, a great deal of money there did not happen to be anything for our Government to buy with the money at the moment. So there it lay quite useless—for money, my dears, is no use unless we buy things with it; always remember that.

MARY: Then, Mamma, why ought we to save it?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, later on when you go to Cambridge you will learn what is called Political Economy and Eugenics and you will understand; but for the moment it must be enough for you that our Government had all this money, sixteen million pounds, waiting to buy something for the Hindus with it. But until they could buy the things for the Hindus it was doing no good. It was called as I have told you "The Indian Balances."

TOMMY: Oh, Mamma! What a shame that seems, when one thinks of what could have been done with all that money!

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, and that is what kind Mr. Anon thought; and it so happens that he thought in his kind heart of some people he knew who wanted that money very, *very* much, but who were too shy to ask for it. They did not want it to spend for good and all—they were too proud and honourable for that. They only wanted to borrow it; and he knew very well when they had borrowed it they would pay it back again to the last farthing, and, what is more, pay interest on it as well.

TOMMY: What is interest, Mamma?

MARY: It is something you get in the newspaper where they tell about Judges and Proctors and gentlemen and ladies who give evidence about themselves.

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear Mary, I must reprove you in your turn for jumping at conclusions. This kind of interest is something different. I do not know quite what it is, but at any rate Mr. Anon would know all about it, because his family has been "taking interest on money" as it is called, for a very long time.

TOMMY: Yes, Mamma.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well then, when Mr. Anon heard that these private friends of his wanted to borrow the money for a little while, but were too proud to ask for it, what do you think he did?

MARY: I am sure, Mamma, he went and found them out himself and let them have it.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear Mary. That is exactly what his kind heart prompted him to do; and you will be very glad to hear that one of those whom he went to first—I mean

Mr. Anon went to first—was his very own cousin. Then he went to several other people and then to some more, but all of them people whom he knew to be good, because they had generously helped their friends in Parliament.

MARY: Oh, Mamma, I *am* glad! For now I see that good people sometimes get rewarded!

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, and there were others also, who were allowed a share of the Indian Balances. Many of them. It was a happy day, I can tell you, when these gentlemen found that Mr. Anon had guessed what was going on in their hearts and brought them all this money.

TOMMY: And did they pay it back, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, every penny of it.

MARY: And so the Government was able to buy the things the Hindus needed after all?

MRS. MARKHAM: Exactly, my dear. And what is more, the borrowers were so grateful that they actually gave us back more money than we had lent them, so that there was more money for the Hindus than there would have been if Mr. Anon had not done this good deed.

TOMMY: I think, Mamma, that something ought to be done for Mr. Anon. People are not often as good as that to other people.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, my dear, there was a talk of doing something a little time ago, when it all came out, for he was to have been given the Order of the Boot set in brilliants, but he was so modest that he would not hear of it.

TOMMY: Will he do it again, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, I am afraid he will not do it again. You must understand, my dear Tommy, that good people, as I told you last time, are very nervous and shy about having their good deeds talked about, and this one was talked about so much that it made every one concerned perfectly miserable; at least, everybody except Mr. Anon.

MARY *(taking up a pencil)*: Mamma, just before you finish would you mind telling me who these gentlemen were?

MRS. MARKHAM *(smiling)*: My dear, I am not allowed to give you their names, but I can tell you their relationships . . . And you, Tommy, listen carefully, and later on copy out what your sister has written. First, there was the Postmaster-General—no, I am making a mistake, that was about something else—there was Mr. Anon, and his brother (who was a partner in the firm) and he is also in control of another bank which the first was not; though he was a cousin of Mr. Anon who was . . .

MARY: Oh Mamma, I am getting it all mixed up!

MRS. MARKHAM *(sharply)*: You stupid child . . . I must begin all over again. First, write down the word "Anon" four times. Have you got it down? Very well. Now you must mark one for the cousin, no I mean the brother . . . .

MARY: Oh Mamma, I am getting more mixed than ever!

MRS. MARKHAM: Very well, my dear, I think that must be because it is getting late, but some day when we are doing the Kings and Queens of England I will give you what is called a Genealogical Table of these good, kind men, and then, of course, you will understand all about it.

MARY: Thank you, Mamma.

TOMMY: Mamma, was Mr. Rupert de Vere who used to help Grandpapa . . . .

MRS. MARKHAM: No, Tommy! I will not hear another word! You have had all that your young brains can deal with for the moment and I am sure that Miss Pooke is even at this moment waiting to give you your Old Testament lesson. So you must go to her at once.

MARY: But, Mamma, I want to be clear about the other brother of the brother who . . . .

MRS. MARKHAM *(with suspicion and severity)*: Take great care Mary! Take very great care!

V

Mrs. Markham

On Titles

TOMMY: You promised, dear Mamma, that you would talk to us one day upon some subject not connected with politicians.

MARY *(brightly)*: Yes, Mamma! Do you not remember it was Papa who said yesterday at dinner "I am sick and tired of those politicians" and then he crumpled up his evening paper into a ball and threw it into the fire.

MRS. MARKHAM *(severely)*: I desire you, Mary, not to recount your father's actions in so much detail. He has been very worried in the city lately.

TOMMY: Yes, Mamma, and I heard him saying to himself that Seychelles were going down steadily in spite of the White-washing Committee. What did that mean?

MRS. MARKHAM: I really do not know, my dear. But I will keep my promise and tell you about something which will be quite new to you.

MARY: And what is that, dear Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM : Why, my dear, it is something that will be really useful to you when you grow up and at the same time will be interesting to you to learn. Can you guess what it is ?

TOMMY : Is it about stocks and shares ?

MARY : Is it about getting married Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : No, neither of these, though it has something to do with both. Come, can you not guess ?

TOMMY *(eagerly)* : No, Mamma ? Do tell us !

MRS. MARKHAM : Why, it is about Titles ! You were very rightly interested in what I told you about Lords and now I am going to tell you still more about them.

MARY *(clapping her hands joyfully)* : Oh thank you, Mamma ! That is exactly what Tommy and I wanted to hear about, because Tommy was saying that Lord Cubley whom Papa meets in the city was not a real Lord, and I said—

MRS. MARKHAM *(reprovingly)* : Lord *Reginald* Cubley, my dear! That is just one of those mistakes I want to warn you against. Tommy is quite right, though he should not have put it like that. Lord Reginald Cubley is—I mean has—no is—what is called a Lord by courtesy.

MARY : Does that mean, dear Mamma, that if one wanted to be rude to him one would call him Cubley ?

MRS. MARKHAM : No one would want to be rude to Lord Reginald I hope. But the word courtesy means in this case, custom, or habit. Thus, if Lord Reginald were caught. . . .

MARY *(anxiously)* : Oh, Mamma, you must tell us all about it, or I shall get muddled.

MRS. MARKHAM *(in kindly tones)*: Very well then, my dear, we will begin at the beginning. First of all there are the knights.

TOMMY: Yes, Mamma, I have read about them. They go about in armour and fight with swords.

MRS. MARKHAM: Not nowadays, my dear, because I am glad to say all that sort of wicked violence and fighting has come to an end; but our knights do indeed perform noble actions—much more noble than fighting—and that is why they are made knights.

MARY: Is every man who does something noble and good and courageous made a knight, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, many good deeds remain unknown to everyone except God; and then there are some people who do not want to be made knights because they are too modest, and, of course, no one can be made a knight against his will. That is part of the Common law of England.

TOMMY: How is a knight made, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: He goes down on one knee and the King touches him on the shoulder with a little sword, and then says "Arise Sir Pagthorpe" or "Sir Buffle" or whatever his christian name may be. Then, after that, instead of being called plain Mr. So-and-So he is called Sir Pagthorpe or Sir Buffle So-and-So. Then the Heralds give him a paper which he can show to people to prove that he has been made a knight.

TOMMY: Does he go on being a knight until he dies, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear.

MARY: And is he a knight in heaven after he dies, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, we cannot tell what happens beyond the grave in matters such as this, and we are not even certain that all knights go to heaven at all. So you must not ask such foolish questions.

TOMMY: And then, is his son a knight after him, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, and that is very important. That is just what I want you to remember, because it is the difference between the knight and the next one above him, who is called a baronet. A baronet is just like a knight except that his son is a baronet after him. It is what is called an "hereditary title." And the baronet has a right to put B.A.R.T. Bart. after his name and invariably does so.

MARY: It says in our little history book, Mamma, that James I. made people pay to become baronets.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, I am sorry to say that this was once the case.

MARY: How much did they pay, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: As much as £20, and it was felt to be a grievous burden. But we need not linger over the baronets, they are not very important. The next step is quite another thing, and the title is called Baron. If you are a Baron you sit in the House of Lords and make laws or prevent them being made, as I have told you; and people who do not know you well call you "my lord" and you are what is called a Peer. Of course this is a very valuable position.

TOMMY: Why are Barons called bold?

MRS. MARKHAM: I did not know that they were, my dear, but

if they are I suppose it is because they often dare to do strange adventurous things that common people would not do.

MARY: Is it true that Barons have wicked eyes?

MRS. MARKHAM *(shocked)*: Good heavens, my dear! Whereever can you have got such an idea?

MARY: I saw it in nurse's Sunday paper, Mamma. The *News of the World* which belongs to a Baron called Riddell, so he must know. It said "She saw the baron's wicked eyes fixed upon her." But now I remember it was a foreign baron.

MRS. MARKHAM *(relieved)*: My dear Mary, you must not allude to such things. But I am glad it was a foreign baron, for they are quite different from ours, much lower and not the same at all. Well then, to go on, the sons and daughters of barons are called "the honourable."

TOMMY: If papa ever became a baron I should be the Honourable Tommy?

MRS. MARKHAM *(smiling)*: Yes, my dear, but I think that very unlikely.

MARY *(anxiously)*: Why, Mamma? Is not papa the kind of man of whom they make barons? I am sure he is very good and goes into the city every day, and wears beautiful clothes.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, but after all we cannot all be barons. You were asking, Tommy whether you would be the Honourable Tommy. If your papa had what is called a "second title," you would then be called Lord So-and-So, but it would not be a *real* title.

MARY *(plaintvely)*: Oh, Mamma, all this is terribly complicated.

MRS. MARKHAM: It is nothing, my dear, to what is to come. Next above a baron comes (I think) an earl, and you can tell him by this—that while his sons are only honourables, his daughters are called Lady So-and-So.

TOMMY: Oh, what a shame!

MRS. MARKHAM *(helplessly)*: Well, my dear, I cannot help it! That is how it is. I have often thought it unjust myself. At any rate, by no effort can the son of an earl get himself called a lord, unless he is the eldest son. Well then, next we come to marquesses; and you tell marquesses from earls by the sons as well as the daughters.

TOMMY: How do you mean, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Why, the son of a marquess, even a younger son is called Lord: *Lord* Tommy, or *Lord* Harry So-and-So.

MARY: Does that make him proud, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Sometimes, my dear; but I am glad to say not often. For we in England know how vain a thing a title is, and we do not talk much about them: especially people who have titles. Indeed they studiously avoid the subject.

MARY: How interesting, Mamma! Yet I cannot understand it at all, for surely people must want titles, or they would be no use.

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, you will understand these things when you are older. Now we go on to Dukes. Dukes are above earls and are told by——

MARY *(suddenly)*: You left out Viscounts, Mamma.

MRS. MARKHAM *(angrily)*: Be silent, Mary! If I choose to make this lesson as simple as possible that is my concern.

MARY *(humbly)*: Yes, Mamma.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, then, dukes are told by this—that their wives are called duchesses. All the other wives are called my Lady.

TOMMY *(aghast)*: Is that really the only difference, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, it is the only difference, I am sorry to say. At least, it is the only outside difference; but, of course, people feel very differently about a duke from what they feel about a common baron or even an earl. For instance, if your papa owned this house and the big garden next door, and Aunt Maria's cottage at Purley, and a bungalow on the sea-shore as well, and if we had six servants and a carriage of our own with two horses, you would think him very rich, would you not?

MARY *(jumping up and down excitedly on her chair)*: Oh yes, Mamma!

MRS. MARKHAM *(smiling)*: Well, for a duke that would be called quite poor. Indeed, I think Parliament would give him money if he were as poor as that, for it would be a scandalous thing. So you see how great a thing a duke is. *(A long pause).*

TOMMY: *(at length and waking up out of a reverie)*: Is there any one above a duke, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, there is the Archbishop of Canterbury.

MARY: How interesting! And is that the end?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, that is the end. After the Archbishop of Canterbury there is no one except the Royal House.

MARY: Thank you, Mamma, it is all very very solemn and beautiful. I am going to write it down and then I shall know how to behave when I meet such people later on.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, my dears, I have only told you the simplest part to-day.

TOMMY *(appalled)*: Is there any more, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM *(emphatically)*: Yes, certainly, Tommy and you will have to learn it, too. Mind that! There are Orders and Companionships and C.M.Gs. and C.Bs. and K.C.Bs. and S.Is. and K.Gs., K.Ps., K.Ts., D.S.Os. and M.V.Os. of the first, second, third and fourth class; and then there are O.Ms. and then there are right honourables and right reverends, and very reverends, and there are Graces and there are Highnesses and there are thousands and thousands of O.B.Es, and . . .

MARY: Oh, Mamma! Please!

MRS. MARKHAM *(kindly)*: Very well, my dear, I will not frighten you with any more to-day. You have plenty of time to learn them all in, and if you find them too difficult, I will hire some expert person who can teach you the whole thing during the next few years.

VI

Mrs. Markham

On the Police

TOMMY: It's a long time, dear Mamma, since you gave us some of that valuable information with which you supplement the instruction of our governess, Miss Pooke.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear Tommy, but the gap has been unavoidable, for I've been attending the Gallery of the House of——

MARY: Oh, Mamma, you promised us that you would not talk politics any more, and you promised dear Papa that you would not say a word about the Samue——

MRS. MARKHAM *(sharply)*: Don't let me hear that word again Mary! Papa has forbidden it to be mentioned in the house! He said only the other day that it was like Ta-ra-ra-boom-di-ay.

TOMMY; What is Ta-ra-ra-boom-di-ay, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, it was once a patriotic song, but you would not understand it, because you are still only a little boy.

MARY: I remember it, Mamma. Uncle Billy used to sing it. He used to come in singing it late at night after we had gone to bed, when I was quite a little girl.

MRS. MARKHAM *(icily)*: Very possibly, my dear. Your father's brother William will often hum a song after it has ceased to be popular.

TOMMY: What does "popular" mean, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: "Popular," my dear Tommy, signifies of, or belonging to the populace; widely spread among the populace; generally accepted.

MARY: Then I suppose, Mamma, that policemen are popular?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, not altogether in that sense. You see policemen are put over us for our good, and we do not always like what is put over us for our good. Nevertheless, if we know that it is for our good we should always accept it.

TOMMY: Do you accept policemen, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, certainly, and so does your papa. And what is more, we should be ready to give aid to the police when they are in difficulties, for you must remember that we do not give arms to our policemen as people do upon the Continent, but they are plain citizens like ourselves. So if they need aid we ought to go to their help.

MARY: Who made the police, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: God made the police in the first place, but, of course, in a sense, man has made the police; that is, they could not have helmets and big thick blue coats and belts and truncheons and india-rubber shoes, unless man lent his active co-operation to the inscrutable designs of Providence.

TOMMY: I think I understand, Mamma. Active co-operation is what we use when we ask for grace—

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, you are confusing two things, but you are too young to understand. Anyhow, the police are put there to see that bad men do not do any harm to good people, and also to see that our houses are securely locked up at night. They also have to give evidence before magistrates of wicked deeds which they come across.

MARY: I know they look after our houses, Mamma, because only the other night a policeman showed Papa where our house was, and Papa was very grateful to him and gave him half a soverign. Sarah told me so.

MRS. MARKHAM: Did she, indeed!

TOMMY: Yes, and Sarah also told me that the policeman who comes and has dinner downstairs knew all about our house and all the other houses, and he told her——

MRS. MARKHAM *(severely)*: That will do, Tommy. Well as I was saying, the police look after us and see that we can sleep comfortably in our beds, and prevent wicked men from attacking good men; so we ought to be very grateful to them, for if it were not for the police we should be in continual danger.

MARY: Why are all policemen so fat, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: They are not all very fat. You are deceived by their clothes.

TOMMY: But they have fat faces, have they not, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: That is because they are only chosen from healthy people. Only a healthy man could lead the life which

policemen have to lead. There was once a great poet who wrote a song about it which begins: "A policeman's life is not a happy one."

MARY: But it *is* a happy one, Mamma, is it not, if he does his duty? You have often told us we shall all be happy if we do our duty, and policemen are always doing it.

MRS. MARKHAM *(reverently)*: Yes, in that sense, my dear, a policeman's life is indeed a happy one, and he will have a crown of glory; but I mean that while he is of the Church Militant and still upon this earth his life is not very happy, or, at any rate, he often finds himself in positions of great danger. For instance, it is only the other day that a policeman was walking down a vulgar street, whistling to himself, when three or four wicked men came and knocked him down and jumped upon him and left him for dead, so he had to be taken to a hospital.

MARY: Oh dear, Mamma! I do hope they were caught and well punished!

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, my dear, I am afraid they did not catch the actual men who did it, but I am glad to tell you that some other men of the same sort were arrested instead. They were punished, and if the injured policeman dies they will all be hanged.

TOMMY: That is very satisfactory, Mamma, and do you know I almost hope he does die so that these other men may be hanged. What are their names?

MRS. MARKHAM: Do you mean the names of the four men who jumped upon the policeman?

TOMMY : No, Mamma, for of course we do not know those names. Did you not tell us that they were not caught ? I was only asking for the names of the other four men who are to be hanged instead of them just to show that policemen must be treated respectfully.

MRS. MARKHAM : Quite right, my dear Tommy ; but I cannot give you the names of those other four men.

MARY : But if the policeman does not die they will not be hanged, will they, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : No, I am afraid they will not ; but at any rate they will be condemned to a long term of penal servitude.

TOMMY : Do policemen marry, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : Yes, my dear, sometimes, and they have little children.

MARY : Do their little children grow up to be policemen ?

MRS. MARKHAM : No, my dear, not necessarily.

TOMMY : What do we call the wife of a policeman, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : She has no distinctive title, my dear, any more than the wife of a Bishop. She is simply called Mrs. So-and-so after her husband's name.

TOMMY : She must live a very anxious life, the wife of a policeman, with all these wicked people about ; especially as you tell me, Mamma, that in this country we do not give the police arms.

MRS. MARKHAM : No, my dear, we do not give them arms because we think this would be cruel and unjust. But we

let them have a thick stick called a truncheon, with which they can hit people upon the head as hard as ever they like, to make them obey.

MARY : Does this truncheon hurt, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : I have no personal experience of it, my dear Mary, but I do not think it can hurt very much, or I am sure they would not be allowed to use it. It hurts just enough to make people obey, and no more.

TOMMY : What do they do Mamma when, after the policeman have hit and hit and hit with their truncheons, and yet people will not obey ?

MRS. MARKHAM : Such a case, my dear Tommy, very rarely occurs. There was, indeed, one case which was very grave.

MARY *(eagerly)* : Do tell us about it, Mamma !

MRS. MARKHAM : I will. Houndsditch was infested at that time with no less than two desperadoes. I am glad to say they were not English, but Lithuanian in religion ; and though the police were only too willing to hit them on the head with their truncheons it was impossible to get at them ; for they *would* shoot off revolvers, so that it was really dangerous for the police to go near.

MARY : Did they succeed in getting away, dear Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM : I never heard, my dear, what happened to these wicked men, but, anyhow, they never reappeared. Some say that one of them was burnt alive when the police set fire to the house.

TOMMY : I am very glad to hear this, Mamma. But I suppose this does not often happen ?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear. It has never happened before, and I hope it will never happen again.

MARY: Have you anything more to tell us about the police, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dears, I could tell you many things about them. They protect the little birds that seek their food in the street, and very often they begin to cry when they see poor old men and women trying to cross through the heavy traffic; and though thousands and thousands of them take oaths in police courts during the year they always tell the truth. But I think you have heard quite enough for one evening.

TOMMY: Thank you, Mamma, though I am sorry you have stopped talking of the police, because it makes me think about what papa was saying about the Suffragettes years ago.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear Tommy; the police had, indeed, among other arduous duties, to be slapped in the face by Suffragettes and to smile all the time, but I will tell you more about them some other time.

VII

Mrs. Markham

On Investment

MARY: Will you not tell us, dear Mamma, this week what is meant by the word "investment"?

MRS. MARKHAM: An investment, my dears, is the surrounding of a town with troops so that nothing can get in or out except diseases such as cholera, or shells, gambardines, serpinettas, and objects of that kind.

TOMMY: Then I suppose, Mamma, that an investment is usually something done by soldiers?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear Tommy, although, of course Territorials and Militia, and even Volunteers, if we still had them, could no doubt . . .

TOMMY: *(interrupting)*: But, Mamma, I thought that investments had something to do with parsons?

MARY: Oh! Tommy, how silly you are! You are thinking of vestments!

TOMMY: *(stubbornly)*: No, I'm not! I remember our Clergyman Mr. Hokey saying *in*vestment. It was when he came and asked Papa for money and Mamma sent us out of the room.

MRS. MARKHAM *(hurriedly)*: You are quite right, my dear Tommy, *in*vestment was the word Mr. Hokey used upon that occasion, though I'm glad to say your father did not see eye to eye with him in his suggestion.

TOMMY: Mamma, I vow and protest I am completely bewildered! Here we have guns and clergymen and you and Papa and "eyes"—and altogether I cannot make head or tail of it!

MARY: I, too, Mamma—though somewhat older than Tommy—am, I confess, not a little puzzled.

MRS. MARKHAM: I can easily explain to you, my dears, why that is so. There are two kinds of investment. There is the investment of a fortified city and the investment of a sum of money.

TOMMY: But, Mamma, this is worse and worse. If a fortified city is the same as a sum of money . . .

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear Tommy, if you will not interrupt I can explain it all. When we talk of investing a sum of money we mean buying something with it in the hope that this something may provide us with a regular income. For instance, my father, your Grandpapa Buggins, whom Mary remembers, though I am afraid Tommy . . .

TOMMY *(eagerly)*: Oh, yes; I remember Grandpapa Buggins, Mamma, very well—at least I remember the clergyman with the funny hat at the funeral . . .

MRS. MARKHAM *(doggedly)*: Well, then, as I was saying, my father, your Grandpapa Buggins, invested some money in what we call Argentine 4 per cent. Consolidated, 76th Emission of 1909 Guaranteed Gilt-Edged Preferred.

MARY *(excitedly)*: Oh, dear Mamma, that must be very valuable. I am glad he did that!

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, you may indeed be glad, for we have regularly received what is due from this source.

MARY: And is that the same, Mamma, as Aunt Jane was talking about last Wednesday when she talked about Papa's investment with Sir Robert Rumm, M.P.

MRS. MARKHAM *(acidly)*: No, my dear. Your father's father, Grandpapa Markham, who is, I am glad to say still with us in Kilburn, *did* buy some of the famous Rumm preference stock for no less than £8 a share, but I am exceedingly sorry to say we have never seen the colour of *that* money.

TOMMY: What sort of colour is it, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM *(sharply)*: My dear, I have already told you that I have not seen the colour, so I cannot tell you . . . *(more sedately)*: But it was all very sad. *(A pause)*.

MARY *(with the tact of her sex early developed)*: But do explain to us, Mamma exactly what an investment is. So far you have only told us that it is buying something that will give one an income. Does that mean so much every year?

MRS. MARKHAM *(sighing)*: Yes, my dear, that is what it is *supposed* to mean.

TOMMY *(puzzled)*: But, Mamma, how can you buy something which will give you an income every year?

MRS. MARKHAM: Why not, my dear?

TOMMY: Why, Mamma, when I buy some chocolate or the Baron Riddell's *News of the World* for nurse, or the clock-work mouse like the one I bought yesterday which Papa was so frightened about when he came in after dinner, how could I make them *pay* me something for buying it?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear Tommy, it is not everything you buy which is an investment, and as you well say, a clock-work mouse and the newspaper to which you allude (and of which I have heard for the first time, since Nurse has not told me of it) are not expected to give any return—at least, not to the public—but if you were to buy a *stock* it would be different.

MARY: What is stock, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: So far as I understand these things, my dear Mary, a stock is something which gives you an income if you buy it, or at least which is expected to; but you must not ask me too many questions for I am not at all learned in these things. I do know, however, that if one buys stocks and shares then they very frequently furnish one with what is called an income, or a settlement, or something of that kind.

MARY *(wisely)*: I see, Mamma.

TOMMY: Oh! how I wish, dear Mamma, you would buy me something of the kind! Because, as you tell it, I should then always have some money later on instead of having to work for it like poor Papa!

MRS. MARKHAM *(with emphasis)*: Yes, my dear.

MARY: Mamma, I heard Papa say the other day that "money on the Grand National was hardly an investment."

MRS. MARKHAM *(pricking up her ears)*: Indeed, my dear! Did you! And pray to whom did Papa say this?

MARY: He said it to a gentleman who came to take him out on his way to the City.

MRS. MARKHAM *(emphatically)*: Well, my dear, I think your father was quite right.

MARY: But, Mamma, what did it *mean*?

MRS. MARKHAM: It meant, my dear, that betting upon horses was not a very secure way of placing your money; unless, of course, one is certain that the horse is going to win.

TOMMY: But how can we be certain of that?

MAMMA: Well, for instance, we might know that the only other horse with any chance would be poisoned.

TOMMY: And if one *was* certain that the horse was going to win, Mamma, it would be an investment, would it not?

MRS. MARKHAM: Certainly, my dear, and a very good investment, too. That is the difference between an investment and gambling.

TOMMY: How do you mean, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Why, for instance, Tommy: supposing three horses are going to run a race and you happen to know that someone has given two of those horses a drug that will give them the cramp. Someone who does *not* know this comes and says: "I do not think the third horse will win: indeed I think it so unlikely that if you will give me £1 on the chance of its losing I will give you £10 if it wins"! Then, if the race is run, and the two horses that have the cramp fall down in agony at the beginning of the race, the horse upon which

you have betted cannot help winning for he will run the race all by himself. Then the man to whom you gave the pound, will have to give you £10: So the pound is a sound investment.

MARY: But would not the man who knew about the cramp stuff ask for a commission ?

MAMMA *(approvingly)*: I am glad you ask that my dear, for it shows you already take an intelligent interest in the world we live in. Yes. He would not only ask for a commission but get it: and a stiff one too.

TOMMY: Then, Mamma, the man who promised me £10 would look an idiot: also he might call me a cheat.

MRS. MARKHAM *(sharply)*: Don't be so harsh in your judgements Thomas. He might perfectly well remain ignorant of the fact that the other two horses had been poisoned, and in that case your superior knowledge would entitle you to reap the reward.

MARY: Of course, Mamma ! I clearly see that !

MRS. MARKHAM: I am glad you do, my dear, because now-a-days people so often forget the difference between right and wrong that they do not follow these things. I hope you have this example quite clearly, for it should be a guide and principle to you in all your dealings when you are grown up. When you are quite *certain* that something will happen then, if you bet on it, it is an investment . . . and that is a perfectly right and proper proceeding. But if you are *not* certain that something will happen, then it is very wrong and what is

more, I believe, most papers refuse now to print the news about things which may or may not happen, for fear that betting should take place among their readers.

TOMMY: I do not quite understand even now, Mamma, but that is because I am only a little boy. But I should very much like to "invest" as you call it, the sovereign which Aunt Jane gave me last Thursday by mistake for a shilling when we went to St. Pauls. You will remember I told you about it, and how Aunt Jane said: "Here is a bright new shilling," when I spotted Uncle Arthur's name among the Aldermen who are written up in the Chapel of the Holy Ghost.

MRS. MARKHAM: Don't say "spotted" my dear, it is very vulgar . . . Yes I think I can invest that sovereign for you and I shall immediately proceed to do so.

MARY *(very interested)*: Do tell me what you will invest it, Mamma, because, although I have not told you—*(blushing)* —I also have a sovereign which was given me for the Imperial Good Will Fund, that the Curate of St. Judas has asked us to subscribe to, and I should so much like to make it bigger so as to make my donation more worthy.

MRS. MARKHAM: Very well, my dears. You must both give me your sovereigns and I will invest them, and in two or three days I hope to give you at least double, and perhaps even £5.

TOMMY AND MARY *(together)*: Oh, Mamma! That *is* kind of you! Cannot you tell us what it is you are so certain of this time?

MRS. MARKHAM *(mysteriously)*: No, my dear, I am afraid I cannot. But you must not be surprised if you hear some very good news from Papa and me early next week. *(Archly)* I think I may drop you a hint . . . You know Papa has just been put by the Government on the new Board for the Relief of All Human Suffering in the County of London?

TOMMY: Is that what the boys at school call the Boosters, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM *(shocked)*: That is a very vulgar term for it! . . . At any rate, Papa is very proud and glad of what has happened and we shall all see what we shall see. Give me your sovereigns and I will add them to my own venture in the matter. *(She takes them and goes out majestically).*

VIII

Mrs. Markham

On Company Promoters

TOMMY: What shall we talk about to-day, Mamma?

MARY *(reprovingly)*: It is not for us, Tommy, to tell Mamma what she shall talk about. It is rather for Mamma to suggest a subject, I think.

MRS. MARKHAM *(laughing in a gay manner)*: My dears, I am always willing to talk to you about anything which I think will be instructive. Would you like to hear something about company promoters?

TOMMY *(eagerly)*: Yes, Mamma, I am sure that would be very entertaining.

MARY: Dear Papa is a company promoter is he not, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear Mary. Upon the contrary, your father has always said that he regards it as a very inferior calling, and has himself never been called to it. But, as he often explained to me, when a company is once floated (*whatever that may mean*) he is often glad to act as a director thereof. *(To* TOMMY*)*: I trust that later, my dear Thomas, you will remember how important it is to distinguish between these two.

TOMMY: What two, Mamma?

MARY *to* TOMMY *(severely)*: Don't interrupt Mamma! She is going to tell us something very interesting.

MRS. MARKHAM: Really, my dears, I do not know that you will find it very *interesting*, but I hope I may make it *instructive*. Well, then, a company promoter is a gentleman who looks about him to find out where people might do good, especially rich people, who have so much greater opportunities for doing good than people with less money. For instance, my dears, if there is oil under the earth somewhere in England, such as could be used in driving a motor car like that belonging to your rich Cousin Johnny, of course it will take some money to dig and find oil.

TOMMY *(puzzled)*: But Mamma, how can money dig?

MARY *(plaintively)*: Oh, Mamma! do tell Tommy not to interrupt! He is so silly!

MRS. MARKHAM *(benignly)*: Yes, my dear, but you must remember that Tommy is very young, and cannot always understand these things. Well, then, when the company promoter thinks that there is oil under the earth he goes to people with money and he gets them to pay people to dig for the oil, of which they would not know if he had not taken the trouble to tell them.

MARY *(puzzled)*: Does he go about looking for the oil himself, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: No; at least I do not *think* so, my dear. I think it is more customary for a company promoter either to find out that someone else has seen oil floating on the

water in the neighbourhood or even to *guess* that there *may* be oil underneath the earth somewhere: and that is where the difference between one company promoter and another comes in.

MARY: I see, Mamma.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well then, when this gentleman (for so I must still call him) has got the rich people to sink their money in looking for oil. . . .

TOMMY *(excitedly)*: Oh, Mamma! Mamma! But if they sink their money how can it make a hole? I mean how can they sink it until the hole. . . . .

MARY (*angrily*): Will you be quiet, Tommy? (*To* MRS. MARKHAM) Do go on, Mamma; he is such a little silly, he does not know what he is saying!

MRS. MARKHAM *(unruffled)*: Well then, my dears, when they have sunk their money in the hole . . . (TOMMY, *aside*, "All this is beyond me!") if the oil comes out, of course they can sell it.

MARY: Who is "they," Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: "They," my dear, is the company promoter and the rich people whom he has persuaded. . . . Well, then, they can sell it and do so, and in this way, of course, they make up for the money thay have put into the business, and much more.

MARY: But, Mamma, the company promoter did not put any money into the business, did he?

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, certainly *not*.

MARY: Why, then, should he have any of the reward?

MRS. MARKHAM: Because, my dear Mary, there might be no oil at all, and in that case he would be running a certain risk, and so you see he naturally wants to be paid if things come out all right.

MARY: But what would happen to him, Mamma, if no oil was discovered?

MRS. MARKHAM: Why, usually, my dear, he has to be content with what are called flotation expenses, directors' fees, incidental expenses, clerical expenses, legal expenses, and what are known in our law as etceteras, and many company promoters, in our great towns, with their hideous social injustice, are, I am sorry to say, compelled to live upon these alone.

TOMMY: But, Mamma, surely the rich men who put their money down the hole, as you were explaining, must be angry if no oil comes up; and then they will beat and kick the company promoter—at least, I should.

MRS. MARKHAM *(severely)*: The Bible tells us, Tommy, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and it cannot but be the working of a wicked heart that makes you talk thus. I am glad to say that no one is so wicked now-a-days as to hit or hurt another man simply because he has disappointed them; but it is true that sometimes the rich gentlemen, if they feel they have been too cruelly treated, ask one of our great judges to try the company promoter, and see whether he should not be punished. In that case he is brought up at the Old Bailey, and a jury of his fellow countrymen swear with their hats on and off that they will truly and justly decide in accordance with and pursuant to our Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity, so help them God.

MARY *(shocked)*: Oh, Mamma, how terrible must be this occasion!

TOMMY: Is not that what happened to poor Uncle Joseph?

MRS. MARKHAM *(sharply)*: No, my dears! You are utterly and entirely wrong! And I do not know who can have been talking to you in this wicked fashion. My brother Joseph (who is still very ill), left England last March for Australia with kind Doctor Brackley, whom you surely know; and I shall hope to find out from you, when we are alone, who has put this wicked notion into your head. I strongly suspect Sarah!

MARY *(more soothingly, as befits her sex, though immature)*: Then, Mamma, sometimes they *do* come up at the Old Bailey?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, my dear, and as I have told you, twelve good Englishmen and true are set to try and help the judge to find out whether the company promoter has done wrong or not.

TOMMY: But, Mamma, if there is no oil he must have done wrong because.....

MARY: How silly you are, Tommy, how could he know whether there was oil there or not? He only told them he *thought* there was.

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, exactly; and if they chose to believe him, why, it is for the twelve good men and true to find out whether he meant to cheat them or not. There is also the Judge, remember, who will impartially try the case.

MARY: Then why the Jury, Mamma?

TOMMY: How do they know that the twelve men are good and true, Mamma ?

MRS. MARKHAM: They do this by taking them in alphabetical order out of a list, my dear—leaving out absurd, cranky people, of course—and the Judge is done in the same way, so that they may get someone who is really impartial. But sometimes when they think it important, they change the Judge.

TOMMY: I see, Mamma.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, then, it is gone into by the lawyers ; and then the twelve men, who are called the jury, say whether they think the Company Promoter meant to cheat or not. If they think he did not mean to cheat he may be sent to prison or not as the judge decides ; but if they think he did mean to cheat, then he will be let free or sent to prison according to what the judge thinks is best.

MARY: I see, Mamma.

TOMMY: I don't. I want to know . . .

MRS. MARKHAM *(rising)*: You want to know too many things, Tommy, which I fear you may discover only too soon ; but for the moment I have to be off to see cook about dinner. Meanwhile, I propose to leave with you children a book (*produces it*) entitled, " Higgs and Marsten on Company Law," which I shall expect you to have mastered by the next occasion upon which we may all have another talk.

MARY *(gratefully)*: Thank you, dear Mamma. It looks a big book, but I have no doubt we shall be able to read it, and if we find any difficult words in it we will ask Papa, or write to Uncle Joseph.

MRS. MARKHAM: Don't trouble your father, my dears, I am sure I can explain any difficulties which may arise in your reading of this text-book; but as for your Uncle Joseph, he has given orders that no letters shall follow him. Meanwhile, if it would be of any use to you, I will take you next week, after we have gone to the Zoo with Aunt Mary, to the Old Bailey to show you some of the prisoners, many of whom will doubtless be Company Promoters; and if there is still time we will go round to the prison later on and see prisoners behind their iron bars at the time when they are fed.

TOMMY AND MARY *(together, clapping their hands enthusiastically)*: Please! Please, Mamma, don't be late for that!

TOMMY *(by himself)*: And I will bring some buns.

MRS. MARKHAM: No, my dear, you will do nothing of the sort, for the regulations are most strict.

IX

Mrs. Markham

On Parliament

TOMMY : You once promised, dear Mamma, to tell us sometime about the way in which we were governed.

MAMMA : So I did, my dear, and I will be very happy to do so to-day. You must know then. . . .

MARY : Oh, Mamma, you also promised once to tell us about kangaroos !

TOMMY *(angrily)* : A murrain on you, Mary !

MAMMA *(severely)* : How often have I told you, Tommy, not to use the word " murrain." It is exceedingly vulgar ! And you, Mary, never dare to interrupt me when I am speaking ! Well, then, you must know that we live in England under what we call a Democracy.

TOMMY : Oh, Mamma, how delightful that sounds ! Pray what is the meaning of this interesting word ?

MAMMA : You do well to ask, my dear Tommy. A Democracy is a kind of government in which everyone governs themselves because they love freedom too much to allow others

to govern them. There was once a wicked King called Charles I. who tried to govern us instead of letting us govern ourselves, but we cut off his head, and from that moment no one has dared interfere with us.

MARY: Is that the one of whom there is a statue in Charing Cross, Mamma?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, it was put up as a warning against anyone doing such a thing again.

TOMMY: Then, Mamma, we can all do what we like. I shall begin to-morrow morning before lessons.

MAMMA: No, my dear, this is not true of children, who have to do what they are told. It is only for grown-up people.

MARY: Then when I am grown up I shall make a law that I am to have a large box of chocolates every day.

MAMMA *(smiling indulgently)*: I am afraid, Mary, you hardly understand the difficulty we should be in if everybody went on in that way! No! the only way in which people can govern themselves, when there are very many of them, is for them to vote who shall be what is called "their representatives," and make laws for them according to the orders they shall have received from us. These "representatives" are called "Members of Parliament."

TOMMY *(in tones of horror)*: What! like that bald old man with the long white beard who shook hands with Papa at the Flower Show?

MAMMA *(solemnly)*: My dear, you must not laugh at Lord Harold Howk, our Member: for though he does not represent our Party in Parliament he is deservedly respected.

MARY *(puzzled)*: But, Mamma, if he does not represent us, how can he be our representative?

MAMMA: I will explain. In every part of the country two or even three gentlemen come forward and ask to be made Members of Parliament. Then we vote, and the one who gets most votes is successful and becomes a Member. Thus, though you may vote for one of these three, yet another becomes your Member of Parliament. Indeed this is often the case.

TOMMY: Thank you, dear Mamma, it is now all perfectly clear. And pray what do these Members of Parliament do when they are chosen?

MAMMA: They go to a place called the House of Commons, which is at Westminster and very beautifully decorated, and then some of them say "I was sent here to make such and such a law" and others say "well, I was sent to make a different law."

TOMMY: Well, then, if they cannot agree there is nothing left I suppose but to fight it out.

MAMMA: Why that does indeed happen in less advanced Nations: but we have a better way. The Members do not fight but vote, and whichever proposal gets the most votes is successful....

MARY: What! Again!

MAMMA *(continuing)*: .... and is ready to become a law. You will see what a good way this is, for it means that nothing is ever done in England if only a few people want it. Nothing is done unless most people want it, and that is why

we are all so happy and contented, unlike a pack of quarrelling foreigners. Then it goes to some people called Lords, who look at it.

TOMMY: Yes, Mamma, you were kind enough to tell us all about these Lords long ago.

MAMMA *(continuing)*: And then it is signed by the King and becomes a true law at last, which we are all happy to obey.

TOMMY: Can you give us an example, Mamma, of some laws made like this?

MAMMA *(cheerfully)*: Indeed I can, my dear. There is a law which prevents working men from drinking before mid-day or in the middle of the afternoon, or after ten o'clock at night: and there is another law saying that if a man is working very hard he must pay a quarter or a third of what he earns and give it to the bankers and certain other rich men who lent money in the war. If these laws had been made by outsiders we should be very angry, no doubt, but as we know that they have been made by ourselves we are quite pleased with them. You see first all the people talked about it thoroughly for a long time. For instance, about poor people drinking beer. Some were for preventing poor people drinking at all.

MARY: Would not that have been a very good thing, Mamma?

MAMMA: Well, my dear, *I* think so; but we must bow to the majority. Now after we had all discussed it for a long time, we sent our Members to Parliament, and it was found that most of them would vote in favour of short hours for drinking

and shutting off drink in between: which shows that most of the English people wanted this. Even the people who make the beer obeyed the law because they knew that most English people wanted it.

TOMMY: That was indeed noble of them, Mamma!

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, you would not have found this self-sacrifice in any other country. But note what followed! It turned out that people drank more than ever in the short hours; so these good men who make beer became richer; and that shows us that a good deed is never thrown away.

MARY *(anxiously)*: And was it the same about people having to pay away the money they earn, Mamma?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, just the same. We all talked it over a great deal together. Some were for taking away all the money everybody had, others for taking more, and others again less. And then we all voted, and it turned out that what we wanted was for people to have a quarter or a third taken away and given to the bankers who helped the war.

TOMMY: Were not the bankers very pleased, Mamma, when this law was made?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, and in their gratitude they began to put up very fine buildings all over London, some of which are still in process of erection; and they would have done more had it not been for the wicked working men, who will not put up buildings for more than eight hours at a time, and even then quite slowly.

MARY: Thank you, dear Mamma, for telling us all this. I was so interested I quite forgot about kangaroos.

TOMMY: Next time, dear Mamma, will you not tell us some more about lawyers and policemen? It is a most fascinating subject, and we did not nearly exhaust it.

MAMMA: Certainly, my dear Tommy; we will talk about these people next time, and I will show you how it is that they have become so good and kind, and why everybody is so fond of them.

X

Mrs. Markham

On Lawyers

MRS. MARKHAM: And now to-day, my dears, I will tell you about lawyers.

MARY: Oh! Mamma! What fun! What fun! *(She dances about).*

TOMMY *(eagerly)*: Indeed, dear Mamma, I am all on fire to hear about them also!

MRS. MARKHAM: Very well, my dears, then the first thing you must know is what lawyers are good for.

MARY: I was just going to ask that, Mamma, when . . .

MRS. MARKHAM: Mary, dear! You must not interrupt! I was saying "What are lawyers good for? What is their use?" Well, they have three uses—and you must carefully attend to this. First they condemn people to prison and even to death.

TOMMY: I am glad to hear that, Mamma!

MAMMA: Wait a moment! Their second use is to explain the law: to show us all what it really means.

MARY: I confess, dear Mamma, that I am here not a little puzzled. Are not our laws written in English?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, and they are as plain as it is possible for honest men and women to make them: nevertheless, they must be *interpreted* when there is any difficulty.

TOMMY: What kind of difficulty, Mamma?

MAMMA: Why, for instance, the law says no one may bet on a horse in any *place*. That sounds plain enough, does it not?

TOMMY: Yes, indeed!

MAMMA: Well, think a little, what is a place?

TOMMY: Oh! Mamma we all know what a place is. Really I don't see what else it can be but a place.

MAMMA: Exactly, my dear, *you cannot describe it*: but until someone *does* describe it for us and tell us exactly what "a place" means, it is impossible to apply the law. Now the lawyers looked thoroughly into the matter and proved that a place meant any place where vulgar loose people bet, such as streets, public houses, etc. But a place where proper people and indeed lawyers themselves bet—such as a racecourse or a good bookmaker's office—is not a place. You see how important that is! No one would have known it exactly if the lawyers had not been there to explain it all.

MARY *(absorbed)*: Oh! Mamma! this is most interesting! Can you give us another example?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear; here is another instance. In East Africa a Hippopotamus comes under Wild Birds and is protected as such: again "*all*" licensed premises during the war were ordered by law to be shut at certain hours; but "*all*," it was found, meant all except a tavern near the Temple and the

drinking bars of the House of Commons: again justice "*free*" to all is proved to mean "*free after due payment*": There are hundreds of others. Indeed we should never be certain about the exact meaning of anything, but for the lawyers. They also decide how much truth or untruth a witness may tell in a case and when and where and how and if, or if not. They are here invaluable.

TOMMY: And what is their third function, Mamma?

MAMMA: I am glad to hear you use that word "*function*," my dear. Pray use it as often as ever you can. Well, then, the third use to which we put lawyers is that of *arguing*.

MARY: But, Mamma, we can all do that!

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, so can we all speak: but we cannot all speak as well, or as long, or as loudly as Mr. Lloyd George or his friend Mr. Handel Booth: and they are called Public Speakers, therefore, as being specially gifted. And so it is with lawyers. They are trained to argue better and at much greater length than any ordinary person: and that is their third function.

MARY: Pray, Mamma, what is the longest any of them has argued at one time?

MAMMA: I have heard your father say that one of them, called Sir William Wugg, once argued for five whole days, with intervals for food and sleep.

MARY: Good gracious!

MAMMA: Yes, indeed! He was evidently a most talented man.

TOMMY: But, Mamma, what do they argue about?

MAMMA: I will give you an example. A man takes away your money. To try and get it back you must go before a lawyer called a " Judge " in what is called a " Court of Justice."

TOMMY *(surprised)*: What! May I not take back my own money myself?

MAMMA: No! Certainly not! That would be most un-English! And if you even *tried* to do such a thing another lawyer would certainly send you to prison.

MARY: Oh! how *interesting* it all is, Mamma!

MAMMA: Well, you go before the lawyer and say " I want my money back." Then the person who took it hires another lawyer (or several, if he has taken a large sum), and pays them to *argue* that he did not take it; or that if he did he cannot be blamed; or that even if he can be blamed he must not be asked to give it back—and so on.

TOMMY: Then where should I come in, Mamma?

MAMMA: Why, my dear, you must then hire yet another lawyer in your turn—or several, if you have enough money left—and then your lawyer or lawyers and his lawyer or lawyers argue for several days, and the lawyer who listens to them, and is called a Judge as I have said, marks the points, or score, and decides at the end which side has won.

MARY: Does the best arguer win, Mamma?

MAMMA: Not always, my dear. Sometimes the Judge has very good private or public reasons for deciding one way, though all the best argument has been on the other.

TOMMY: Then, I see, Mamma! The man may keep my money after all?

MAMMA : My dear, he always keeps the money. That is common-sense : for he took it and now he has it. But the important thing is that the lawyer called " the Judge " decides whether he *ought* to keep it or not. Sometimes he decides one way, sometimes the other.

MARY : How wonderful it all is !

MAMMA : Yes, indeed, my dear, it is most wonderful. People come from all over the world to learn to be like our lawyers, but they never succeed.

TOMMY : Do not all the lawyers become very rich, since they are paid to argue like this ?

MAMMA : Not all, my dear : but all good ones do. Of course, as in all professions, idle ones become quite poor, and some have even to write for the papers.

TOMMY : Oh, Mamma, that sounds very sad ! A lawyer who has to be a mere writer !

MAMMA : Yes, my dear, it is. But I am glad to say it is very rare. And most of them do quite well out of arguing and condemning to death and explaining what ordinary words really mean. The very richest become lords ; and even the poorest are hardly ever sent to gaol.

TOMMY : And are the lawyers who are called Judges paid also, Mamma ?

MAMMA : Yes, my dear, and so are other lawyers who get up the arguments and are called solicitors. They are paid over and over again.

TOMMY : I think, dear Mamma, when I grow up I shall become a lawyer.

MAMMA : By all means, my dear, if you have the suitable talents, I am sure your father and I would approve : but I have told you enough for to-day. Next time . . .

MARY : Next time, Mamma, will you not talk about Kangaroos ?

MAMMA : Not till I have talked to you again about the Police, my dear. It is most important you should learn more about them because people who make mistakes about Policemen suffer terribly in later life. So next time we will talk about Policemen, Magistrates, Prisoners, Gallows, and all that sort of thing.

MARY : Thank you, dear Mamma, that will be a great treat.

XI

Mrs. Markham

On More on the Police

MARY: You promised, dear Mamma, to talk to us to-day again about the Police, and how they treat Prisoners, and all about Hanging.

TOMMY: Oh! Yes! Dear Mamma, I am so much looking forward to it! *(He settles down comfortably).*

MAMMA: I am afraid, my dear children, I cannot talk to you about Hanging and the Gallows as I had hoped, for there are two of our Great English Lords who have made an arrangement that they are to have the exclusive right of describing such things and so none of us can interfere. However, I will get you the newspapers in which these great Lords tell us all about murders and executions and assassins and condemned cells, with plenty of pictures, and you will have to make that do.

MARY: Thank you, dear Mamma. But you are allowed to talk about other things the Police do, besides killing people?

MAMMA: Oh! Yes! My dear—and really the duties they perform are so numerous that I hardly know where to begin. . . . Well, in the first place, I want you to know something which very few people are told, and that is the way in which the Police help to increase the friendship between ourselves and our dear cousins the Americans.

TOMMY: How is that, Mamma?

MAMMA: Well, you know how the United States send over here a person called an Ambassador to represent them at the King's Court?

MARY: Yes, Mamma. I have read how well they get on together.

MAMMA: You are right; but it would not be so easy if it were not for the Police. For when an American Ambassador to England makes a speech, he has to bring in a sentence which draws us very close indeed to his people. It is a sentence about the Policeman in London putting up his arm and stopping the traffic. Every American Ambassador praises in every speech the Policeman's arm, and this makes us like brothers.

TOMMY: Indeed, Mamma, I have often seen a Policeman putting up his arm and stopping 'buses and cabs in an immense line.

MARY: I saw one once make a block all the way down the Strand, half a mile long, and keep it five minutes.

TOMMY: And I saw one once make a block in Piccadilly more than a mile long and keep it there ten minutes.

MARY: Oh! What a lie!

TOMMY: Lie yourself!

MAMMA *(sharply)*: Children! Children! Stop quarrelling at once. Instead of this foolish bickering you should be thanking God who has put you in this happy country where everybody obeys the Police and where the traffic can be held up as long as ever they like without any trouble to themselves.

TOMMY: Have they always had this power to make great long blocks in the street, Mamma?

MAMMA: My dear, it has grown up slowly and naturally like all other institutions, for we English folk have always hated to do things on fixed plan and by dead logic like silly foreigners. I can remember the time when all the Policeman did, was now and then to touch their helmets to rich people.

MARY: Oh! Mamma! That must have been very beautiful!

MAMMA: Yes, indeed, my dear. Tears would come into the eyes of strong men when they looked on that sight, and there were pictures made of it. It was about that time that the Police were first called "a fine body of men."

TOMMY: What a wonderfully striking phrase, Mamma! Pray, who invented it?

MAMMA: I think it was Lord Tennyson the Poet, my dear Tommy, but I am not quite sure. It may have been Mr. Gladstone.

MARY: What else do the Police do, Mamma, besides making blocks in the traffic?

MAMMA: Oh! As I have told you, hundreds of things! It is they who prevent motor cars from going too fast and who prevent

them being dangerous, and it is they who open doors for Members of Parliament and smile at them, and who get subscriptions for orphanages and balls, and they also arrest people, and they decide whether people are drunk or not by making them stand on one leg.

MARY: Oh! That *is* interesting! Do tell us all about that, Mamma, I never heard of it!

MAMMA: Well, my dear, a Policeman has the power under our wonderful constitution of saying to any man, "You are drunk," and then taking him to the Police Station. But you remember what I told you about our love of freedom?

TOMMY: Yes, indeed, Mamma! And how the wicked king got his head cut off because he tried to govern us.

MAMMA: Just so! So a Policeman may not lock a man up in prison for just as long as he likes, even though he says the man is drunk. Before the man can be locked up he must be *legally dealt with*.

MARY: What is that, Mamma?

MAMMA: Why, he is taken to a place called a Police Station and there he is made to shut his eyes and to stand on one leg. Then he crashes on to the floor, and in this way it is shown that he is drunk; but if he does not crash on the floor, a doctor is sent for, who is a friend of the Police, and he looks at the man and says he is drunk: which makes it clear and proves it.

TOMMY: Oh! Mamma! What a lot of trouble to preserve us from being bullied!

MAMMA: My dear, it is what the late Duke of Argyll called "The Reign of Law." But there is more to tell you which will show you what safeguards there are to protect us. The man who has been called drunk is, of course, locked up in a cell. But he cannot be kept there more than one night. The very next day he must be taken before a Magistrate, to whom the Policeman speaks, and then the man is fined a sum of money, if he does not show a rebellious spirit.

MARY: But, Mamma, suppose he is one of those people who are always complaining and making trouble, and says he wasn't drunk?

MAMMA: Then, my dear, he is either fined much more money or else taken away to prison to make him better. This is called *Habeas Corpus.*

MARY: And do the Police also look out for other wicked actions besides drunkenness?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, they make *all* wickedness their province: they stop robberies, and fights, and swindling of all kinds, and frauds and lies and cruelties.

TOMMY: Why, Mamma, they must be like angels!

MAMMA: They take special care of rich men's houses, and when they think jewels or money have been stolen out of them they blow a whistle.

MARY: What does that do, Mamma?

MAMMA: It makes other Policemen run up from nearby until there is quite a bunch or little herd of them.

TOMMY *(with eager excitement)*: And what do they do then, Mamma?

MAMMA: They all blow whistles, and then they knock loudly at the door, and the Rich man's servants come out in night-gowns and pyjamas, and the Rich man himself, and perhaps his wife and son, too: and then the Policemen say: "Your house has been burgled," and ask to look over it. Then it is found that they are quite right, and many valuables are seen to be missing.

TOMMY: I hope they give the Police plenty of money for all the trouble they take.

MAMMA: Now-a-days, I am glad to say, they are well paid. But it was not always so. We English folk progress by slow and cautious steps, and the Police had to go on strike before they could get this good pay. But now they have it.

MARY: What! Mamma! Policemen on strike? Why that seems quite unnatural! I thought only wicked, poor people went on strike and that the Police were there to stop them!

MAMMA: Why, my dear, so it seemed to many of us; and when the Police went on strike we were very anxious. But it was soon settled with our usual commonsense. When people tried to take the place of the Police on strike they were knocked down and kicked on the head, and they were not so silly as to go on. So the good wages were given and now we are all happy again.

TOMMY: Mamma, who invented the Policeman's uniforms?

MAMMA: I have heard, my dear, that it was a very great and good man called Sir Robert Peel.

MARY: Is it on account of him that they were sometimes called "Peelers"?

MAMMA *(shocked)*: My dear, that is a very vulgar word. You must never use it!

TOMMY: Yes! And Bobbies and Coppers, and Rozzers too!

MAMMA *(angrily)*: Be silent, Tommy! I will not hear such words used in this house!

MARY: I heard a song once, "It's a Rozzer with his old girl's clothes on"!

MAMMA *(very angrily)*: Mary! Did you hear me? I forbid you to use such a word again!

MARY *(persistently)*: But, Mamma, what did it mean?

MAMMA *(hesitating)*: Well, perhaps you should be told lest you should imagine worse things. It means that Policemen have sometimes to dress up and disguise themselves. In this case a Policeman dressed up in his wife's clothes and bonnet, with a wig of hair under it, to catch a criminal.

TOMMY: How clever! And was the criminal caught?

MAMMA: I am sorry to say he was not, in this case. He snatched off the wig and ran away, and the Policeman could not run fast in skirts, so he got off. But everyone praised the courage of the Policeman, and there was some talk of putting up a statue to him showing him in his skirt and bodice and bonnet, but it came to nothing.

MARY: Do they often disguise themselves, Mamma?

MAMMA: Yes, frequently, my dear. They find it most useful. And many thousands of them go about in ordinary clothes without uniform, so as to take people in.

MARY: How thrilling! Then I may be seeing a Policeman without knowing it! And even talking to one!

MAMMA : You may, indeed ! Some little time ago there was a Policeman disguised like this who told some poor people that he was going to poison a great statesman, and asked them if they would help. He had to work hard to get them to approve, but when they did he gave them up and they were sent to prison.

TOMMY : How clever and brave of him, Mamma. What did he look like and what was his name ?

MAMMA : We shall never know, my dear ; no one saw him.

MARY : But surely, Mamma, he must have had to be a witness at the trial ?

MAMMA : No, my dear, the Judge said there was no necessity for a witness to appear against accused people, and that is now the law. It is far more convenient. How could the Police act secretly if everyone knew what they looked like ?

TOMMY : Yes, Mamma, I see. At first I thought it odd, just like Mary, but now you have explained it I see clearly that it would never do for people who are accused of crimes to have the right to know who accused them, for then they could defend themselves and perhaps get off.

MARY : How many Policemen are there, Mamma ?

MAMMA : Again, my dear, no one knows. We only know the amount of them in uniform, but the numbers not in uniform are very properly kept secret ; only of course there must be many more of them than of the uniformed men. Then there is a much larger number of people who are said to be "attached to the Police."

TOMMY : Does that mean loving Policemen, Mamma ?

MAMMA : Not exactly. It means giving information to the Police and being used by them. Of such are many people who sell watches and laces in the street and who keep coffee stalls and who draw pictures, on the pavement, of Sunsets, Pine trees, the Moon, Ships, and people in Paradise with wings on. The Police allow them to draw these in particular places on condition they note people and give information.

MARY *(peering out of window)* : Oh ! Mamma ! There is a Policeman knocking at the front door.

MAMMA *(in great fear)* : Run off, children, at once ! Run off to the kitchen and get in the coal cellar. . . . Quick. . . *(Exeunt* MARY *and* TOMMY. *She shouts downstairs to the maid)* Gwendoline, I am not at home ! Do you hear ? Not at home to *anyone*, not even to the Police.

(She sinks back and fans herself with the "Daily Chronicle").

XII

Mrs. Markham

On Kangaroos

MARY: You promised, dear Mamma, to talk to us about Kangaroos.

MAMMA: I shall be happy to do so, my dear. The Kangaroo is a large mammal: marsupial; viviparous; leguminivorous; caudiferous; hypersaltant; thanatophobe; and bisextile.

TOMMY: Wait, pray, one moment, Mamma, while I take those important words down on my tablets: I do not wish to miss even one of them.

MARY: While Tommy is writing, Mamma, would you kindly tell us whether Kangaroos are to be seen in London?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, at the Zoological Gardens on week-days for the payment of one shilling, or on Sundays for nothing.

TOMMY *(finishing his writing)*: Then I shall go on Sundays, Mamma.

MAMMA: But remember, my dear, that you can only do so by the courtesy of some Fellow of the Zoological Society. And gentlemen of that importance are not easily met with.

MARY : Oh ! Dear ! Mamma, what a pity ! I did so want to see the Kangaroos ! Can I not go somewhere else to see one ?

MAMMA : They are, I believe, also still to be seen, wild in Australia ; and there is a stuffed one with glass eyes in the South Kensington Museum.

TOMMY : Pray, Mamma, what is Australia ?

MAMMA : My dear, Australia is a large island situated at the Antipodes and is a Dominion of the British Empire.

MARY : And pray, Mamma, what does a Dominion do ?

MAMMA : A Dominion, my dear child, extends the glory of our common blood, and of Dutch, Irish or French and Red Indian ; it flies to the aid of England in time of need and extends the power of the Anglo-Saxon race.

TOMMY : What are the other Dominions of the British Empire ?

MAMMA : The Irish Free State is an example of a Dominion.

MARY : And how is a Dominion governed ?

MAMMA : Just as we are, my dear. Each Dominion governs itself, only each has a *Governor* instead of a King : He is also sometimes called a *Vice-Roy* or *Lord Lieutenant*, because he is *in place* of the King, and acting as " Lieutenant " for him.

TOMMY : Can you tell us the names of any of these gentlemen, Mamma ?

MAMMA : With pleasure. The one in India is a gentleman called Rufus Isaacs, who has had a most variegated career.

TOMMY : And the others, Mamma ?

MAMMA: I cannot for the moment remember the name of any other, but you will find them all in the almanack.

MARY *(plaintively)*: But I do want to hear more about Kangaroos.

MAMMA; Well, my dears, I will tell you what more I can. The Kangaroo advances not by walking or running, like men and women and other beasts, but by leaps and bounds. It has a powerful tail; with one blow of which it can fell a horse—but not an elephant—and it carries its young in a little pouch. It can be taught to box and habitually adopts a semi-erect position. It is hunted with a piece of curved stick called a "boomerang," so fashioned that, being hurled at a mark, it misses it and returns in a graceful curve to the hand of its owner.

TOMMY: Oh! Mamma! How clever! Pray who invented so ingenious an instrument?

MAMMA: It was invented by the Aboriginal Natives of Australia, who used it against our troops; but our discipline and valour prevailed, on which account we are now in possession of the country.

MARY: It is always so, Mamma, is it not? No matter what weapons are brought against us we are always bound to win?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, I am glad to say it is always so. It always has been so, and always will be so, so long as we are humble and do not brag and boast as foolish foreigners do.

TOMMY: Do all foreigners boast, Mamma?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear; except the Americans. And we can hardly call them foreigners for they are of our own flesh and blood for the most part, except, of course, the Negroes.

MARY: Do Negroes boast, Mamma?

MAMMA: I really do not know, my dear, for I have never met a Negro, unless it were Mr. Warren of the Elms, and he is more white than black.

MARY: But, Mamma, no one can be an American and a Negro at the same time, can they?

MAMMA: Well, I *suppose* not. But it is all very mysterious.

TOMMY: Suppose someone in America were partly white and partly black, like Mr. Warren, of the Elms, would he count as partly American?

MAMMA: Probably, my dear, but I really do not know. I fancy there are courts to decide these things out there.

MARY: And are there Kangaroos in America, Mamma?

MAMMA: No; but there are a number of other strange animals such as the Coon, the Horned Toad, the Rooster, which is, I believe, a farm yard fowl, for I have read of it in American books. There is also the Skunk.

TOMMY: Is it true, Mamma, that the Americans will never fight us?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, it is, I am glad to say, perfectly true. But they will always fight *for* us, if ever we need help in a war, though of course, it is most unlikely we should ever need anybody's help.

MARY: It is very pleasant to know that, Mamma; not because we are likely to need them, but because it is so nice to know that other people love us. Surely that must be because we are so good?

MAMMA : Precisely, my dear. And remember always so to act that people may love you in the same way, and this you can be sure they will always do if you are kind and considerate to them as we are to Americans.

TOMMY : And is that all you know about Kangaroos, Mamma ?

MAMMA : Oh ! No ! My dears *(smiling)*. If I were to tell you all I knew about Kangaroos it would take many, many days. But that is enough for one talk.

MARY : Thank you, dear Mamma, for telling us so much about Kangaroos. In future I will try to be like them and be kind and considerate to all Americans.

TOMMY : And I too, Mamma, will remember the Kangaroo and learn from him to avoid in future any foolish tendency to boasting.

MAMMA *(beaming)* : I am glad, indeed, my children that you have followed so intelligently all that I have had to tell you about Kangaroos, and that you propose to take the example of this noble, nay, imperial, animal to heart. Now fetch me Mr. Kipling's beautiful poetry and I will read you a hymn he has written about Kangaroos, and then we will ring for the domestics and all have prayers and go to bed. Next time we will talk about music.

XIII

Mrs. Markham

On Music

TOMMY: You promised, dear Mamma, before you set off for Barbary in the spring that you would, upon your return, tell us something upon the interesting subject of music.

MAMMA: I shall be happy to do so, my dear Tommy, and indeed, my leisure in the Lesser Atlas was largely occupied in ruminating upon this important subject, which is, perhaps the chief glory of our country.

MARY: Is it to be about symphonic or syncopated music, dear Mamma?

TOMMY: Shut up.

MAMMA *(severely)*: How often have I told you, Tommy, not to use these terms, which are indeed, *did you but know it*, themselves of a syncopated sort. *(To* MARY*)*: My dear, I will talk to you about all music.

MARY: Thank you, dear Mamma.

MAMMA : Music originated in Britain with the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons, from whom we are all descended. It is divided into old English, early English, middle English, and modern; but on this last our cousins, the Germans, have had a great effect.

MARY : Pray, Mamma, who were the first originators of music in our happy land ?

MAMMA : Their names are lost, but we can arrive at them by inference, and they were presumably Aethelfgar, Aetheldu and Aethelrig.

TOMMY : Thank you, dear Mamma, I will now put these names down in my note book *(does so)*.

MAMMA : Next we come to Henry VIII, who wrote two Masses in B flat.

MARY : What is " B flat," Mamma ?

MAMMA : My dear, it is very nearly the same, but not quite, the same as A sharp. Indeed, a gentleman who lived at the same time as another German gentleman called Mozart, said of him, " This fellow cannot tell A sharp from B flat."

TOMMY : But, dear Mamma, I am all awhirl ! I do not know what A is or B is, or what flat is or what sharp is.

MAMMA : Never mind, my dear, later on if you study music you will understand these things. And meanwhile I will try to make the rudiments of the science plain to you. . . Music is a kind of sound in which the kinds of sound bear a certain relation one to the other. Musicians have remarked, and so have critics, that these sounds excite emotion, according to their relative positions, and upon this conception all music is founded.

MARY : Indeed ? But why, dear Mamma, should the relative positions of musicians excite emotion in any other than themselves ?

MAMMA : You are wrong, my dear child. It is not the relative positions of the musicians that excites emotion : it is the relative position of the various notes in music.

MARY : What is a note, dear Mamma ?

MAMMA : There, my dear, you are asking a most interesting question, and one on which the greatest men have spent years of research. No one has yet discovered certainly what a note is. But I can at least tell you this : each note corresponds to a certain wave-length.

TOMMY : What is a wave, dear Mamma ?

MAMMA *(sharply)* : If you go on asking questions like this I cannot continue.

MARY : Oh, Mamma, he is intolerable !

MAMMA : Now let us have no more recrimination. A wave then, and a note in music, is what I am explaining to you : and what you must next understand is that music may work through many a medium and yet it is all one thing. Thus, there is the music of the human voice, of the violin, of the spinet, and even of the piano ; and there are hundreds of other instruments through which music can be rendered, such as the harp, the saxophone, the oboe, the single triangle, and the common drum. And yet we are assured by great and good men that these are all one music ; but they differ in *timbre*.

TOMMY : Pray, Mamma, what is *timbre* ?

MARY : It is French for stamp, you little fool.

TOMMY : Fool yourself !

MAMMA : Children ! Children ! If you quarrel thus we shall not get any further ! And really I am surprised at both of you. It is dreadful to use such words. . . Well, then, as I was saying, instruments differ in *timbre*, but the most beautiful of all is the piano. It has, however, one drawback.

MARY : What is that, dear Mamma ?

MAMMA : Why, that only one person can play it comfortably ; and that two people, squashed rather tight, are the most that can deal with it at the same time. The consequence is that you cannot get more than a certain amount of noise out of it ; and this is a very great disappointment to those who love and study music, and know how important is the volume of sound.

TOMMY : But surely, dear Mamma, the Advance of Modern Science has been able to deal with this difficulty ?

MAMMA : Yes, my dear Tommy, and in saying this you show that you have indeed an acute mind. During the late lamentable War in Europe invention was arrested because the great German people (of whom we English are but a branch), had to turn their attention to other things. But since the War our genius has found its opportunity again, and you will be glad to hear that a German gentleman has invented a piano of a circular shape, round which *six* people can sit, all playing at the same time !

MARY : Oh, what a wonderful sight it must be !

MAMMA : Yes, dear, but a still more wonderful sound.

MARY : It would seem, Mamma (I know not whether I be wrong or no), that this principle might be extended ?

MAMMA: You are right, indeed, my dear child, and the original German gentleman who produced the six-power piano is even now in negotiations with an English firm for the delivery by steamboat to a wharf on the river Thames, of three hundred vigen . . . vigentesi . . . let us call them Double Decumanian pianos for forty hands: but of course the trouble is that only very large rooms will accommodate these mighty instruments of harmony.

TOMMY: Dear Mamma, you have used the word harmony and indeed I have often heard it. Will you not now tell us what it means?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, harmony is a number of musical notes all played together, whereas an air is only a lot of musical notes played one after the other, which is a very mean and poor affair.

MARY: What notes are in harmony, Mamma?

MAMMA: Rightly understood all notes are in harmony, and the finest effects are produced by hitting the greatest number of them together, at one time. In this way we have both the chord and the discord.

TOMMY: Thank you, dear Mamma, now I understand.

MARY: Since it is we in England, Mamma, who have invented music and carried it on to its present perfection, will you not tell us the names of some of our greatest English musicians to-day?

MAMMA: With pleasure, my dear. We have Braunstein, Klein, Kahn, Samuel, Hochkirch, Neiderweiss and Wooff, or Woolff.

TOMMY : But, Mamma, do not foreigners also write good music ?

MAMMA *(hesitatingly)* : Germans do, I know ; and I have heard that Russians can sing well, though I have never heard that they can compose—but the rest are very poor.

MARY : I remember Grandmother saying she liked Verdi and Gounod ; and Papa said only the other day, " Music ? By God ! You should have heard Marie Lloyd ! "

MAMMA : I have no criticism to make upon your Grandmother's choice of composers, my dear. I am afraid that I have never heard of the composer, Lloyd, to whom your dear father seems to have alluded. But I doubt whether any of these people were of any importance.

TOMMY : And now, dear Mamma, before we go to bed, can you tell me what book I ought to read in order to be able to really enjoy music ?

MAMMA : My dear, you must not split your infinitives. . . Since you ask me for a book here is one to begin with. *(She takes one down from the shelf and hands it to him).* It is called " A Study of the Correlation between the Colour Sense and Tone Values : by Lord Hawkhurst, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State (Wuff & Co., 42/-.)"

TOMMY : Thank you, dear Mamma. What a lucky boy I am to have so excellent an instruction so early in life !

MARY *(reproachfully)* : Oh, Mamma, you have not given me anything.

MAMMA *(taking down another book and smiling)* : Well, my dear, I will give you this. *(She hands her daughter a book).* It is called " The Soul's Unison with God in Pale Crimson through

the Key of E flat" And do you not see, darling, that gilt diagram outside, with five parallel lines, and little blobs with tails and things like arrow wings at the end of them ?

MARY *(absorbed in the cover)*: Yes, Mamma ! it is indeed charming ! What does it mean ?

MAMMA: My dear, it is the "Life Motif" from Ochsen's "Vision of Life," in the opera called "Life."

MARY: I shall treasure it the more, dear Mamma, and pray, who is Oxen ?

MAMMA: Not Oxen, my dear, Oc-h-s-e-n. He is one of the greatest of our living English composers.

TOMMY: Pray, dear Mamma, what is a composer ?

MAMMA: A composer, my dear, is a person who composes. For instance, Mr. Strauss is a composer.

TOMMY: And what is it, dear Mamma, to decompose ?

MAMMA: Now, we've had quite enough about music. Ring the bell, my dear, and we will have prayers. But we will not sing a hymn to-night for it has got very late. Next time I will talk to you about Fox Hunting.

XIV

Mrs. Markham

On Fox Hunting

TOMMY: And now, Mamma, you can tell us all about Fox Hunting.

MAMMA: Alas, my dear children, I am afraid I cannot tell you *all* about it, for I have never fox-hunted in my life. But I have seen a little bit of a fox-hunt now and then when I was young; and my grandfather's first cousin, the Dean, married a lady whose father was a Master.

MARY: What is a Master, Mamma?

MAMMA: A Master of Fox Hounds, my dear. It is usually spelt M.F.H., and is a distinction or title. Thus, if you were to write the Duke of Romford you would put outside the envelope the Duke of Romford, M.F.H., K.G.

TOMMY: And what would you put inside the envelope, Mamma?

MARY: How silly you are! Inside the envelope you would put anything you like.

TOMMY: It's you that's the silly! One can't put anything one likes when one writes to a Duke, can one, Mamma?

MAMMA: No! Certainly not!

MARY: What does one put, Mamma, inside?

MAMMA: Inside one puts, "Your Grace," and then one goes on to say what one has to say, and one ends up, "I am, your Grace's very obedient servant," But really this has nothing to do with Fox Hunting, has it? Except, of course, that most Dukes have fox-hunted some time or other in their lives and many of them fox-hunt continually.

MARY: Really, Mamma! Why do they hunt the fox at all?

MAMMA: This, my dear, I must explain to you. You must know that the fox is an animal of the canine or doglike nature, remarkable for its perpetual keen smile, its cunning eyes, and its prodigious brush.

TOMMY: Good heavens, Mamma! What can it want with a brush?

MAMMA: A brush, my dear, is the right name in a fox for what would be in other animals a tail.

TOMMY: Really, Mamma, this is extremely interesting. Has then this unique creature special terms of its own?

MAMMA: Yes, indeed, my dear, and no English gentleman, I hope, would so demean himself as to commit an error in them.

MARY: What are these special terms, Mamma?

MAMMA: The head or face of the fox is called its "mask" or "masque," I'm not sure which; and the feet of the fox are called its "pads." And the young of the fox are called its "cubs," and the wife of the fox, who strikingly resembles him, is called a "vixen."

MARY: Oh! what a horrid name, Mamma!

MAMMA: Not when it is rightly used, my dear. Moreover, the she-fox, as indeed the he-fox, cannot understand our language, and therefore there is no wounding of her feelings.

TOMMY: The same way with bitch.

MAMMA *(very angrily)*: Tommy, if I hear you use that word again. . . .

MARY: Oh, Mamma, he is indeed a horrid little boy!

MAMMA *(quietening down)*: Now we shall never get any further if this sort of thing is to go on. . . Well, then, the fox is a predatory animal. . . .

TOMMY: What does that mean, Mamma?

MAMMA: It means, my dear, an animal of predatorious habits. It will kill and carry away chickens, ducks, and even turkeys. Therefore it is important that it should be hunted down and killed. Otherwise, we should have no eggs, except those which come from China.

MARY: Oh, Mamma, this is most interesting. I have often heard of China eggs. But I did not know that we ate them.

MAMMA: There is here, my dear child, an ambiguity. A China egg means an egg made out of a substance called china or porcelain, so named for the fact that we originally obtained it from the Celestial Empire, though now it is produced in vast quantities in what are called the "Five Towns" in the Midlands: one of the most delightful parts of England.

TOMMY: Do they fox-hunt in the Five Towns, Mamma?

MAMMA: No, my dear. It is impossible to fox-hunt in any of our great industrial areas; but they all feel in sympathy with fox-hunting, for it is the great National Sport of the Race. . . .

Well, then, the fox has to be hunted because he kills ducks and geese.

TOMMY: I should have thought, Mamma, that people would have gone out with guns and shot foxes.

MAMMA: No, my dear, that would be very wrong. You are not old enough to understand why this should be so, but it is rightly regarded as an abominable practice, though I believe that foreigners are guilty of it. The fox, then, is hunted, as I have told you, to save our fowls; and when there are not enough foxes for hunting in a country others are brought in, so that there may always be a sufficient number.

TOMMY: With what are they hunted, Mamma?

MAMMA: With hounds, my dear, which are a kind of dog, parti-coloured, enthusiastic, and endowed with a remarkable sense of smell which enables them to discover where the fox has passed and to follow up what is called "the scent." On discovering this they make a combined howling noise which is called "giving tongue," and then run all together until they catch up the fox who then surrenders.

MARY: Does not the fox sometimes get away, Mamma?

MAMMA: Yes, indeed, my dear, only too often. And what is worse, sometimes two foxes lead the hounds off in different directions: a very annoying and confusing antic. While at other times the fox runs into its hole in the ground which is called an "earth."

MARY: Really, Mamma, what a great number of special names there are in this glorious occupation. Can you tell us of any more?

MAMMA: I can tell you one more, my dear. When the fox is killed that is called " a kill."

TOMMY: That seems simple enough.

MAMMA: You are right, my dear. Our English gentlemen have always used simple language. It is one of the things which makes them so different from vulgar people. Thus you will note that a common man may talk of the " circumference " of a field, where a gentleman would say " The outside of it, You know ! I mean, all round it ! You know what I mean . . . what ? "

TOMMY: What is done with the fox when he is killed, Mamma ? Is he eaten ?

MAMMA: No, my dear, not by human beings. But his brush is cut off and given to some favourite person. His masque is stuffed with glass eyes looking very fierce, and his teeth are made to show with equal ferocity. The stuffed head—I mean masque—is then glued on to a piece of wood, highly varnished, and a bit of ivory is put under the masque and engraved with the date of the great exploit which saw the death of the maleficent beast.

MARY: Why do they do that, Mamma ?

MAMMA: Because, my dear, those who hunt the fox rightly glory in their profession. It brings all classes of men together—Lords, commoners, and even women ; and it is a very health-giving exercise, promoting courage and horsemanship.

TOMMY: I have often seen pictures of them leaping five-barred gates and hedges of prodigious height. They are dressed in

red coats and wear top-hats, and are all very carefully shaved except those few of them who wear beards.

MARY: How much does it cost, Mamma, to hunt the fox ?

MAMMA: Nothing, my dear. As I have just told you, anybody is free to come who can afford two or three good horses and men to look after them, and who has not got to work during the week. It is on this account that near great towns the meet is often altogether too crowded, and I do not know what they are going to do about it.

TOMMY: The Meet ? Mamma, is that another of those words ?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear. It signifies the place where the fox-hunters assemble, often the parterre of some noble mansion. It is indeed a gallant sight, and the host will frequently invite the prospective sportsmen to drink a glass of wine.

TOMMY: What kind of wine, Mamma ?

MAMMA: Sherry wine, my dear. But really there is so much to tell you about fox hunting that I could go on for ever and just now we have no more time, for we are due at the Harvest Thanksgiving Service Decoration in less than an hour, and I promised our dear Vicar to bring him a basket of onions.

MARY: Oh, Mamma, may I bring something, too ?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, it is very thoughtful of you to suggest it. I will give you some cucumbers and Tommy shall bring a paper of green peas, and as we go along I will tell you more about Fox-Hunting, here, and in the Colonies, and in the United States, and indeed, wherever our Race has spread.

XV

Mrs. Markham

On the Great English Revolution

MARY: Pray, dear Mamma, is it true that we are to have a revolution? For, if that be the case, I think Tommy and I should make proper preparations for our safety.

MAMMA: My child, there has been some talk of such a thing; but the sound commonsense of our British working man will, I am convinced, make short work of any such peril.

TOMMY: What then, Mamma, is a revolution?

MAMMA: A revolution, my dear Tommy, is a tumult wherein foreigners (usually of the French, Italian, Spanish, Irish or Russian varieties) set upon each other with the utmost violence. A machine called the Guillotine (which is a sort of slicer), is set up; heads are cut off; songs are sung in great numbers; meanwhile mobs parade the streets.

MARY: Oh! It must be most exciting! But since it is only the worst kind of foreigners who do these things, it seems clear we need never fear their being done in Britain.

MAMMA: Exactly, my dear. And that is what I meant when I said that the sterling commonsense of our people was a warrant against any such follies.

TOMMY: How could anyone have thought it possible, Mamma?

MAMMA: There have been alarming symptoms of disorder not only in Wales, where such is to be expected, but in our own dear England itself. A Dean has been mobbed. Baronets and their sons have been jeered at. Banners have been displayed with the words: "To Hell with *all* Bishops."

MARY *(stopping her ears)*: Oh! Mamma. I cannot allow myself to listen to such language.

MAMMA *(severely)*: Language which *I* think fit to repeat for your instruction is fit for *your* ears.

TOMMY: Yes, indeed, Mamma! I only hope that you will give us some more of these horrible examples. . . but pray, what is the cause of such enormities?

MAMMA: The working men, who form three-quarters at least of our population, are excited by cunning agitators who stir in them a wicked envy of gentlefolk and make them discontented with their lot.

MARY: Which?

TOMMY: Which what?

MARY: Which "their?"

MAMMA *(to* MARY*)*: Silence! *(To* TOMMY*)*: Tommy, you must not talk across me thus! *(To* MARY*)* What did you say, my dear?

MARY: *(demurely)*: I said, "Which?" Mamma.

MAMMA: How "which?" Which, when or where? Explain yourself, my child.

MARY : I meant, Mamma, which were discontented, with what lot, and . . .

MAMMA *(sternly)* : Did I for one moment suspect, Mary, that your remarks, rather than seeking information, were designed. . .

MARY *(eagerly)* : Oh, no, Mamma. I assure you ! I had no such intention. It was but the desire for instruction !

MAMMA : Very well. . . Learn, then, that agitators have been stirring up our honest working men to Envy, Greed, Uncharitable Thoughts, Discontent and all that St. Paul so fearfully denounces in Thessalonians I, Chapter II, verse 15. A text, my dears, which I urge you both to commit to memory.

MARY AND TOMMY *(in chorus)* : Yes, indeed, dear Mamma !

MAMMA *(continuing)* : And to-morrow, after tea, I shall take you both and hear you repeat it, and I warn you that I shall expect you both to have it perfectly by heart.

MARY AND TOMMY : We will, indeed, dear Mamma.

TOMMY *(alone)* : And please go on about these wicked men.

MAMMA : Well, first they told one set of workers that their wages were not sufficient, and then another and another, until at last nearly all our people became thoroughly dissatisfied and some of them even *stopped* working altogether in the hope of obtaining larger sums.

MARY *(shocked)* : Can you mean, Mamma, that they did this without asking leave of their masters ?

MAMMA : I do, indeed, my dear. The Railwaymen, then the Miners, then the Dockers. I don't know how many more ! It has been going on for three or four years, and more. Alas, it is getting worse !

TOMMY: Are we to understand, Mamma, that these common men will not take the orders of the better-class folk whom God has set above them ?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear. You could not have put it better. And, at last, the very worst thing possible happened. Our loyal British merchant seamen, by whom we set so much store, became infected by the germ.

MARY: What is a germ, Mamma ?

MAMMA *(doubtfully)*: I believe it to be a little animal with six legs. But I am not quite certain. At any rate, it has a very poisonous effect and is the cause of cancer, colds and many other ailments, among which we must include Bolshevism.

MARY *(eagerly)*: Ah ! there, Mamma, is a word that I have always wanted to have explained to me. Pray, Mamma, what is Bolshevism ?

MAMMA *(simply)*: It is, roughly, the Bolshevists.

TOMMY: And who are the Bolshevists ?

MAMMA: You must understand they are Russians, and therefore cannot read or write. They wear top-boots into which they tuck their trousers. Conversely they wear their shirts outside.

MARY: Oh, Mamma, how disgusting !

TOMMY: Good God ! Do they wear their braces next their skin ?

MAMMA *(very angrily)*: Upon my soul, Tommy, if you use such words I shall . . . I shall indubitably banish you from my presence.

TOMMY *(relieved but still arguing)*: But, Mamma, you must admit that if they wear their shirts outside their trousers—

MAMMA *(furious)*: I will have no discussion or argument. I have a mind to cease your instruction altogether. If you are unable to give it intelligent and proper attention I cannot . . .

MARY *(humbly)*: Pray, dear Mamma, pay no heed to this foolish lad, for I am all agog to hear about the Bolshevists.

MAMMA *(mollified)*: You must know, then, that apart from their sartorial habits. . .

TOMMY: What is sartorial ?

MARY: Oh do shut up ; you are making us all sick !

MAMMA *(continuing)*: They also have long black beards and wear a sort of round woolly cap and are called Moujiks. Indeed, you may see pictures of them in the newapapers.

MARY: And what are the names of their principal men, Mamma ?

MAMMA : Cohen, Isaacs, Samuel, Elijah, Moses and Einstein . . . I mean Braunstein.

MARY *(astonished)*: But, Mamma, most of these names sound like Bible names ?

MAMMA : I can only suppose, my dear, that the Russians have adopted them. At any rate these men are teaching a doctrine which I very much regret to say has taken some little hold on our working population.

MARY: And what is that doctrine, Mamma ?

MAMMA : It is called the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. It commands the murder of almost everybody and the torturing of the rest.

TOMMY : My God, I mean Good Lord. *(Timorously)* I am sorry, Mamma, I meant Great Snakes. How horrible !

MAMMA *(looking at* TOMMY *suspiciously)*: It is indeed, but so it is. And so at last our own brave seamen are now in some degree poisoned by this monstrous creed.

TOMMY: What is a creed, Mamma ?

MAMMA: Tommy, you are becoming perfectly intolerable. But to continue. The sea-faring men, some of them at any rate, refused to work on the magnificent ships which bind us to our cousins of the United States, and to our other cousins the Dutchmen of South Africa ; with the result that thousands of tons of good food have been destroyed, and that three dozen ladies and gentlemen travelling first class were long detained at the Cape.

TOMMY: What Cape, Mamma ?

MARY *(exasperated)*: Oh don't let him interrupt, Mamma. It is so interesting.

MAMMA *(continuing)*: But happily, wiser counsels prevailed. The sailors remembered old England and are now working again at lower wages.

MARY: Oh, I am happy to hear that ! I was sure that these splendid fellows would not be misled for long !

MAMMA: You are right, my dear. An English sailor knows his rightful master. You are too young to have heard the great story of the Titanic and its splendid owner, but those of us who lived in those heroic times remember it well. And it is stories like that which have made us what we are and give the British seamen his firm confidence in his owners.

MARY: Will you not tell us the story of the Titanic some day, Mamma ?

MAMMA: I will do so with great pleasure. But it is getting late, and, what is more, before I can talk to you on the matter it will be my duty to consult your dear father's lawyer, his bankers, and a certain friend of ours who occasionally meets those great men who control our public life. I shall also have to look in at the detective office, and I shall further have to make certain that we are not overheard. So you will see my dears *(smiling)*, that it may be some little time before I can tell you that great story of the Titanic and of the glorious heroism of her owner. That alone, apart from the record of all our great mariners, the Cunards, the Peninsulas, the Orientals, and Generals, the Steams, the Navigations, the Companies and the rest. . .

MARY: Oh, Mamma, what a great roll of names! It makes me think of Drake's Drum.

TOMMY: Don't interrupt.

MAMMA *(continuing)*: Anyhow, my dears, the great ship masters of England to-day are what they always were and our sailor folk know the right way and are now, I am glad to say, only too honoured and too proud to serve them upon their own terms. You may be very certain that now they have come to their senses all the others will follow suit and that there will be no revolution at all.

TOMMY *(with a sigh of relief)*: I cannot tell you, Mamma, how glad I am to hear it. I shall now sleep quiet in my bed.

MARY: Thank you, dear Mamma, for having settled all our doubts and fears. I can now look forward to Aunt Mary's coming next May, relieved of all trepidation and anxiety.

XVI

Mrs. Markham

On the Locarno Spirit

MARY: Pray, Mamma, what is "The Locarno Spirit?"

MAMMA: It is the glorious fruit of a very noble institution called the "League of Nations." This League holds its meetings at Geneva and there come men from every nation, who have been chosen by each nation after long thought and debate and there agree among themselves and so prevent jealousy and spite and all evil thoughts.

MARY: Oh, Mamma! How grand. Then the world will always be at peace.

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, only there are *some* nations, I am very sorry to say, who will not join—as yet. The Russians are not members and strangely enough our cousins in the United States hesitate to join it; though several noble and Christlike Englishmen have urged them, more than once; even gone over there and preached. But so far, alas! to no purpose.

MARY: But all the others are good are they not, Mamma?

MAMMA: Alas! No, my dear; not all. Some nations actually *laugh* at the League of Nations.

MARY: But Mamma, how shocking and inconsistent that any *nations* should mock at a League of *Nations*. Pray, who are these?

MAMMA: France, my dear, and Italy, Belgium and Poland, also Spain, and I am afraid Hungary too, and the Argentine, Mexico and Peru and Chile, and even Brazil and a few others.

MARY: Cannot these be *forced* to behave, Mamma? Could we not say firmly that they must stop laughing? or if they will not stop, then make war on them?

MAMMA: Not now-a-days, my dear. Perhaps later on. But for the moment we must leave them to the Lord God of Hosts.

TOMMY: Is there a Lord God of Guests, Mamma?

MAMMA *(rising from her chair in a fury)*: Tommy, I have warned you often, and now . . .

TOMMY *(in terror)*: Oh, Mamma, I beseech you! You quite misunderstand me! I really did think—

MARY: Oh, what a lie!!

TOMMY *(earnestly sticking to it)*: Yes! I did, indeed, Mamma! Don't listen to her. I did indeed wonder whether there were not a Lord God of Guests. It has always puzzled me.

MAMMA *(eyeing* TOMMY *suspiciously as she sits down again)*: Well, I will accept what you say . . . No, my dears. The expression "Hosts" here signifies "large bodies of armed men"; in the original "Sabbaoth."

MARY: And what will He do, Mamma, to the wicked men who laugh at the League of Nations?

MAMMA *(grimly)*: My dear, it is not for us to prevent Divine Vengeance *(a pause)* . . . You were asking, I think, about the Locarno Spirit ?

MARY: Why do we say " Locarno Spirit," Mamma, instead of " Spirit of Locarno ? "

MAMMA: Because, my dear, Spirit of Locarno is very old-fashioned English such as Tennyson or Gladstone used to talk years ago, and would not be undertood by our dear American cousins, or our Brethren from the Britains beyond the Seas. So we say " Locarno Spirit."

TOMMY: Is it like " Rome Correspondent " instead of " Roman Correspondent."

MARY: Yes, and like " Bishop Duffy " instead of " Dr. Duffy," as Granny says, and " Marchioness Weevil " instead of " Lady Weevil." Granny has told me lots and lots of them. She says they're disgusting.

MAMMA: My dears, you must always listen respectfully to what your dear father's mother has to say: but, of course, she belongs to an older generation.

TOMMY: Rather !

MAMMA: Silence ! . . . To an older generation; and naturally looks askance at change. But we must move with the times. Well, then, the Locarno Spirit. . .

TOMMY: Is it a kind of gin ?

MARY: How silly you are !

MAMMA: No, my dear, it is not a Spirit in that sense, but a *mood*, a state of *mind*, and is used of a good and fine mood.

TOMMY : Yes, Mamma ! I understand now. Papa read out from the paper the other day about a young lady of Twickenham who ran after a man who had snatched her handbag ; she vaulted a stile, caught him, stunned him with a blow over the side of the head, and handed him over to the police. Papa said : " That's a girl of spirit ! "

MAMMA : Your dear Papa did well to commend this young person for taking steps to re-obtain possession of her property. But we must return to the Locarno Spirit which it is most important you should understand and acquire. It is a new spirit of good-will among those who were lately foes in the Great War.

MARY : Oh ! Mamma ! How delightful ! And it came all of a sudden-like ?

MAMMA : My dear, you mustn't say " all of a sudden-like." It is vulgar.

TOMMY : Nurse says it.

MAMMA : You are no longer in the nursery. You must behave like young ladies and gentlemen. Yes, it came with marvellous swiftness ; indeed, within two days. People suddenly saw, in a flash, how deeply the Prussians had been wronged, and their late enemies became eager to welcome them as friends.

MARY : But, Mamma, are we also to be friends with Frenchmen and Belgians and horrible people like that ? Or even Poles *(she shudders)*.

MAMMA : Yes, certainly, my dear ; it goes against the grain but we must do our best : it is in the Locarno Spirit. Indeed, one of our Politicians was kissed by a French Politician openly in a Railway Station.

TOMMY: Indeed? How very strange!

MAMMA: Well, my dear, it was certainly an extreme case, but it helps you to understand the Locarno Spirit.

MARY: And does that apply to Italians, too, Mamma?

MAMMA *(hesitating)*: My dear, I am not quite clear as to whether Signor Mussolini sees eye to eye with us in that matter; but certainly it is our duty to treat even Italians with courtesy, for after all that beautiful word Locarno is an Italian name, though it is Switzerland.

TOMMY: And Spaniards, too, and Irishmen?

MARY: And Brazil?

MAMMA: Everyone, my dear child. You need not extend the list. The Locarno Spirit is one of goodwill to all human beings and of sympathy with all nations. All shall be free *(she casts up her eyes to heaven)*. You know the Bible words, my children? "The Egyptian, the Syrian, the Moor, and they of Mesopotamia and of the Islands, the Nubian also and the Cypriote and the Babbuzzite, and every bondman shall be free in the Word and in Truth" *(reverently and simply)*. That, my dears, is the true Locarno Spirit.

TOMMY: "The Lion shall lie down with the Lamb and there shall be righteousness in Beth-Shemosh."

MAMMA: Precisely.

MARY: "I lifted up mine eyes and, lo, and behold, I saw one clothed in . . ."

MAMMA *(sharply)*: That will do, Mary!

MARY *(demurely)*: I was thinking of last Sunday's lesson, Mamma. Will they let the Hungarians have their King again?

MAMMA: Really, I cannot tell my dear !

TOMMY *(eagerly)*: And, oh Mamma, I do hope they will do away with all armies except ours and all navies too, except ours, don't you ?

MAMMA: Yes, my dear, heartily. That also is the true Locarno Spirit. But remember that much the most important part of it is making friends with our late enemies, and not exactly enemies of our late friends, but anyhow showing less partiality for them.

TOMMY: It seems to me that in this way everyone will be happy.

MARY: Yes, because everyone will be good. . . . Mamma ! Tommy is kicking me under the table.

MAMMA *(severely)*: Is that so, Tommy ?

TOMMY: I only moved my foot.

MAMMA: Let me hear no more complaints. *That* is not the true Locarno Spirit. And now, my dears, I hope you have both understood me and are ready to carry out the Precepts of this New Locarno Spirit.

TOMMY AND MARY *(in chorus)*: Oh ! Yes, Mamma !

MAMMA: Our late foes, the Germans, being under the rule of Prussians, who are the best and highest of them, fought against us indeed ; but they always fought cleanly and chivalrously—which is more than can be said for some of our allies.

TOMMY: I should think so, indeed ! Dirty Toads !

MAMMA: Hush, my dear ! That is not the Spirit of Locarno—I mean the Locarno Spirit. We must forgive and forget, even our former Allies. But meanwhile, let us do all we can to be-

come warm friends again with our noble German cousins. A natural friendship is only strengthened by an honest fight well won and lost.

TOMMY: Aye! Aye!

MAMMA *(continuing, with a beautiful look)*: And what a consoling thought it is that during all the long struggle we never spoke or printed a word which could have offended our gallant foemen.

MARY: Other nations cannot say the same.

MAMMA: No, indeed, my dear. Alas! I am afraid not . . . Next week, then, we are having to dinner a young German naval officer who sank one of our hospital ships, and I think we should all . . .

MARY *(interrupting excitedly)*: What! Mamma? the one in which Cousin Jack was drowned when he was coming home so badly wounded?

MAMMA *(beaming)*: Yes! My dear! The very same!

MARY: Oh! How exciting! It will be interesting to hear him telling us exactly how he did it!

TOMMY: He must be awfully clever.

MAMMA: He is indeed; and I am sure he will be good natured as all Prussians are, and talk a great deal to you children: but you must not pester him too much with questions.

TOMMY AND MARY *(in chorus)*: Oh, no, Mamma!

MAMMA: Now we will sing that beautiful hymn "Lest we Forget" —no, I think we will have "Oh, God our Help in Ages Past," and remember, that also was written by a German.

MARY: How clever of him to have written it in English!

MAMMA : It was not written in English, my dear ; it was written in German. But the two languages are almost exactly alike, so it was easy to transpose it.

TOMMY *(beginning to chant)* : " Oh, God our help . . ."

MAMMA : Be quiet . . . wait till I have opened the piano and we will all take the note. . . . Ping ! Ping ! . . Now. . .

OMNES : " Oh, God our help in ages past, Our," etc., etc. . . .

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